

THE Tatler

IS HENLEY SLIPPING?

& Bystander 2

29 June 1960

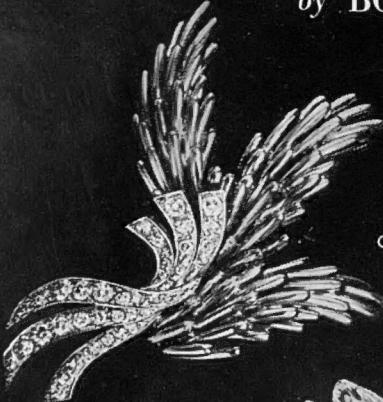
*The flying
Floriade*



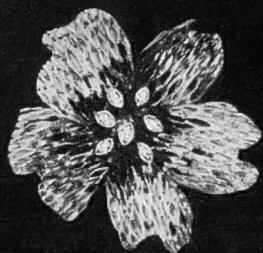
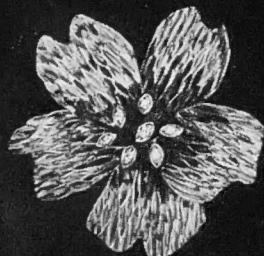
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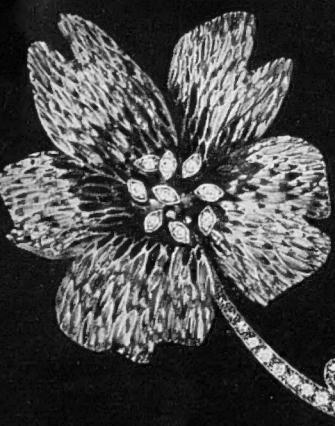
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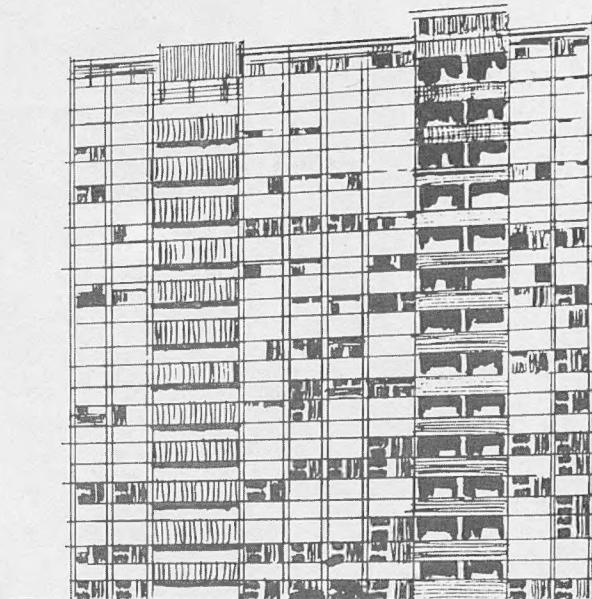
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVI Number 3070

29 JUNE 1960

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
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PLAY-AT-HOMES, AND AWAY



At Aalsmeer, near Amsterdam, daily flower auctions are held. From the surrounding bulb-fields and hothouses the flowers are brought by barge right into the warehouses. Flowers and plants that fail to reach the reserve price are ruthlessly destroyed to maintain prices and standards. The visitor among the flowers waiting to be knocked down or up wears a white Tricel dress with a tie neckline, worn here with a French fringed suede belt. From Simpson's, Piccadilly. The dress with self-belt costs 7 gns., the suede belt, £4 10s. Cover photographed by DAVID OLINS

THE TRAVEL TREK is on, and The Tatler's contributors have got caught up in it. The fashion staff have been over the Air Bridge to Holland, where the Dutch are holding another of those spectacular international flower shows like last year's Paris Floralies. Flowers come naturally to the Dutch (despite some slick copy-writer who said it was flying) and the vast industry they have made out of flowers is glimpsed in this week's fashion pages. David Olins has used the show and its ramifications for some pleasing backgrounds to his photographs of *The flying Floriade* (page 700 onwards). . . . Christian Fairfax too has been on the move. She (yes, female) has been discovering a part of southern France that is just beginning to be taken up by holidaymakers now that the Riviera is so crowded. It is the Camargue, that strange stretch of land on the other side of the Rhone, noted for its ranch-like rearing of cattle. One ranch is for dudes and this is the one she has photographed and reported in *A dude in the Camargue* (page 692 onwards). . . . Gordon Wilkins has been travelling too, but then he always is. The first report he has brought back is on a new version of a car in which he himself once set up long-distance records, the Fiat Abarth. He calls it *A jewelled miniature for the swift* (page 718). . . .

Of course there's still plenty to amuse the play-at-homes—never more so indeed. The Henley Royal Regatta opens this week, which prompts Lord Kilbracken (himself a wet-bob) to ask *Is Henley slipping?* (page 691)—socially, he means.

Glyndebourne presents a change of opera, which sets Spike Hughes assessing the extraordinary voice of Joan Sutherland, and anticipating what promises to be the equally extraordinary reappearance of Sir Thomas Beecham (*Two treats for operagoers*, page 696). The glut of first nights continues, which provokes Crispian Woodgate's quizzical photographs of *Glamorous Nights?* (page 708). And the Betjemans' friends seem to have had a whale of a time at the cross-country coming-out of Miss Candida Betjeman (*Well met by moonlight*, page 683 onwards). Other frolics reported in this issue: polo at Windsor, Royal Ascot, the Household Brigade's cocktail party, and a coming-out at the fantastic new Polynesian room at the May Fair. . . . Even a sober report on what's new in blinds seems to have caught the infectious holiday-season spirit (*Light & shade*, page 710). But for those who aren't yet in that sort of mood there's an almost down-to-earth picture preview of *York's new university*, for which Heslington Hall is earmarked (page 698).

Next week

Ladies of letters. . . . How to score while watching cricket. . . .

SOCIAL

Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Tournament, to 2 July.

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, to 9 July.

Henley Royal Regatta, to 2 July.

Eton v. Harrow (cricket), 1 & 2 July, at Lord's.

Barnardo River Ball, 4 July, on two river boats cruising on the Thames. Application for tickets to Miss J. Hanbury-Tracy, 39 Roland Gardens, S.W.7.

Picasso Party, 5 July, in the gardens of the Tate Gallery, in aid of the Institute of Contemporary Arts. Tickets: 5 gns. from Hon. Secretary, Picasso Party, 10 d'Arblay Street, W.1.

Garden Party (2.30-6.30 p.m.) and Barbecue-dance (8-12 midnight), 7 July, at Hurlingham in aid of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. Garden party programmes (1s.) and dance tickets (30s.) from Mrs. Susan With, Life-boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

Cowdray Park Polo Club Ball, Cowdray House, 8 July.

Kirtlington Park Polo Club Ball, 8 July.

SPORT

Cricket: Third Test Match, England v. South Africa (Trent Bridge), 7-12 July. Gloucestershire v. South Africans (Bristol), today to 1 July.

Golf: Open Championship (Centenary), St. Andrew's, 4-8 July.

Sailing: Swordfish Week, Aldeburgh, to 2 July. Sharpie Week, Brancaster, to 3 July.

Shooting: N.R.A. Meeting, Bisley,

GOING PLACES



11-18 July (Queen's Prize Final, 16 July).

Racing: Sandown Park (Eclipse Stakes), 9 July.

Polo: Cowdray Park, Benson Cup final, 2 July.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Manon*, with Victoria de los Angeles, 7.30 p.m., 1, 4, 6 July. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall, B.B.C. Light Music Festival, "British Light Music," 7.30 p.m., 2 July. Choir of Magdalen College, Oxford, in a recital of unaccompanied music, 8.15 p.m., 4 July. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Albert Hall. Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. 7.30 p.m., to 17 July (including Sundays). Matinees: 3 p.m. Saturdays, 2, 9, 16 July. (KEN 8212.)

Sadler's Wells. A week of Handel opera: *Hercules*, 5 & 8 July; *Radamisto*, 6, 7 & 9 July, 7.30 p.m. With the Chandos Chorus and Philomusica of London. (TER 1672/3.) Kenwood Lakeside Concerts, 2, 9, 16 July, 8 p.m.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to 14 August.

The 17th Century, Agnew's, Old Bond St., W.1, to 23 July.

Arts of the Sung Dynasty (Chinese Ceramics), Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Sq., S.W.1, to 23 July.

Manolis Calliannis (paintings), Lefevre Gallery, Bruton St., W.1, to 8 July.

International Sculpture Exhibition, Battersea Park, to September.

FESTIVALS

York Festival, to 3 July.

Canterbury Cathedral Festival, to 3 July.

Cheltenham Festival (British Contemporary Music), 4-15 July.

FIRST NIGHTS

Lyric, Hammersmith. *Innocent As Hell*. Tonight.

New Theatre. *Oliver!* 30 June.

Globe Theatre. *A Man For All Seasons*. 1 July.

Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. *Every Man In His Humour*. 2 July.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 713.

Ross. ". . . this fine play . . . Mr. Rattigan's sense of theatre works unfailingly . . . magnificent teamwork." Alec Guinness, Harry Andrews, Anthony Nicholls, Mark Dignam. (Theatre Royal, Haymarket, whi 9832.)

Rhinoceros. ". . . One of the choicest contemporary theatrical pleasures . . . Sir Laurence Olivier creating character before our eyes." Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Duncan Macrae, Gladys Henson. (Strand Theatre. TEM 2660.)

FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 714.

Le Testament d'Orphée. ". . . strange and fascinating . . . M. Cocteau is a master of fantasy . . . a masterpiece of cinematic art." Jean Cocteau, Jean Marais, Picasso, Edouard Dermit (International Film Theatre. BAY 2345.)

GOING PLACES ABROAD

No spoilers in Sardinia

by DOONE BEAL



The beach of the Hotel Is Morus at Santa Margherita

CONSIDERING the world-wide passion for islands it is odd in a way that Sardinia, one of the biggest in the Mediterranean, has waited until now to even begin to be discovered by the Italians themselves, let alone the rest of us. B.E.A.'s new direct (3½ hour) Viscount flight to Alghero makes it conveniently accessible for the first time, and I have no real fears of its being spoilt by exploitation because of its 9,200 square miles of territory and 2,000 miles of coastline. Its very size gives one the feeling of being on a small continent rather than an island. The country varies from prairie-like cornfields, landscape like the wildest parts of Tuscany or Provence, surreal moonlike rocks and little archipelagos of scrub-covered islands, to pine and chestnut woods high in the mountains and to beaches and sea of West Indian standards—I can pay no higher compliment. One could be very torn between staying in one place or attempting to tour the island by car. Next week I shall write in some detail of such a tour. In the meantime, there are at least five areas in which one could

spend hours, days (why not weeks?) of lotus-eating idleness.

One of the loveliest places is the Is Morus hotel, at Santa Margherita, an hour's drive from Cagliari. It has an outdoor dining patio, tennis, comfortable bedrooms, instantaneous service and good food. But its main claim to fame is one of the most perfect beaches I have ever seen. It has been decorated in the Caribbean idiom with rush thatched beach bar and changing rooms. One can take out a pedala or rowing boat to paddle around the neighbouring coves, or there is some excellent water-skiing. The price of this high degree of heaven is just under £3 a day, full pension.

Two more first-class hotels are at Porto Conte, just north of Alghero: the El Faro and the Pini. The El Faro is in a lovely bay, quite isolated, and its buildings are long and low. Stepped terraces go down to the rocks and rafts from which one swims. All its rooms have balconies facing the sea, with private bath (or shower) and telephone—it epitomizes the luxuriously primitive. The Pini, on the other hand, has a beautiful beach, though it is a

less intimate, more conventional, type of hotel. Rates at either are around £3 during the high season (mid-June to mid-September).

Just outside Alghero itself, the Tronos has a charm of its own, in that it has been converted from a private house which once belonged to the Count of St. Elia. His butler, Signor Rossi, is now *Maitre d'Hotel*. Here, too, the swimming is from the rocks. The hotel is about 10 minutes' walk from Alghero (or a delicious drive in a carozza lined with faded green plush) and it would be a pity not to explore this little harbour-side town. It is pale, bleached and shabby, with streets the span of a line of washing. From its waterfront café, one looks across at the full-bellied fishing smacks, their mastheads decorated with a huge spray of white coral, and a muddle of nets slung over the side. It is a wander-worthy place of great appeal for those who enjoy the untrodden.

The other main beachcombing area of Sardinia is La Maddalena, which is part of an archipelago just off the north side of the island, facing

the Corsican coast. There are no luxury hotels, but two quite adequate ones—the Gabbiano and the Excelsior. La Maddalena is a typical, baked-white fishing village with the biggest lobster pots on the quayside I have ever seen. One reaches it by half-hour ferry from Palau, and continues to the island of Caprera by the linking causeway. It was in Caprera that Garibaldi spent the last years of his life, and where he is buried. His house is now a museum. It seems to be the only building on the island apart from an attractive Club Mediterranee camp. Otherwise, both Caprera and Maddalena are all grey stone, brilliant green grass, sand, pine, casuarina trees and sheep. The whole object of holidaying there is to take out a boat and visit the other islands, some of which are quite uninhabited: Budelli, with its pure coral beaches; Razzoli, Santa Maria, Spargi. Perhaps one should add "thank heaven" for the fact that nobody has yet thought of turning them into resorts on the well-known pattern.

GOING PLACES TO EAT



by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Au Pere de Nico, 10 Lincoln Street, Chelsea. (KNI 4704.) Open Sundays from 7-10 p.m. The house is Georgian, the restaurant French, the cellar mainly so, and they make an admirable combination. In hot weather, if you are in luck, there are tables in the courtyard, which has Paris theatre posters as its decoration. The cooking is good, and the waiters far quicker than their colleagues in France. A pleasant place, popular with pleasant people. *W.B.*

The Three Vikings, 84 Brewer Street, W.1. (GER 1719.) Scandinavian food is difficult to find in London. In this modest but comfortable restaurant it is good, and the Royal Copenhagen commemoration plates on the walls are a delight. The Scandia hors d'oeuvre, with a Danish Schnapps, makes a good start to the meal, and they know all about cooking pork.

There is Danish lager to go with the food, and if you want to experiment, some special Finnish dishes. The coffee is as good as at Wivex in Copenhagen.

The Shorthorn, Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Avenue. (KNI 8608.) Open weekdays for luncheon and dinner to 11 p.m. Sundays 7 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. This restaurant provides first-class English cooking. The beef is excellent, and the chickens are plump birds, well cooked. The Welsh rarebit is good, and good Welsh rarebit is something still hard to come by in London. The wine list is matched to the food.

Waldorf Restaurant, Aldwych. (TEM 2400.) Restaurant C.S. Grillroom open Sundays. The restaurant of the Waldorf Hotel was a favourite place for business lunches years ago. Today it is making a come-back under new direction, serving the sort of straight-forward food that goes well with a working day, including a Stilton on the cheese board. The service is swift and good.

Madame du Midi

Lamastre lies 25 miles west of Valence in the heart of the Ardeche. In this pleasant small town in beautiful country is the Hotel du Midi, owned by Madame Barattero, one of France's great cooks. Superb is the only word for her *Pain d'Ecru*, *Sauce Cardinale*. Splendid, too, is the *Ballotine de Canard Truffée*. The rooms, especially in the annexe, are most comfortable; the staff, like Madame, are charming. Michelin gives it two rosettes.



R. Clapperton

Weddings

Platt—Leveson-Gower: Rosemary Anne, younger daughter of the late Major C. J. F. Platt, and of Mrs. J. R. McKenzie, Muirhouselaw, Roxburghshire, married Charles Murrough, only son of Col. & Mrs. Harold Leveson-Gower, of Cotherstone, Yorkshire, at Holy Trinity, Melrose, Roxburgh



Van den Bergh—Nicolls: Patricia Joan, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Clive Van den Bergh, of Sao Paulo, Brazil, married Simon Hugh, son of Mr. R. H. Nicolls, and of Mrs. S. Nicolls, of Hurst, Berkshire, at St. Michael's, Bray



de Steensen-Leth—Husum: Julie Roselys Dagmar, daughter of the Danish Ambassador and Madame de Steensen-Leth, of Cadogan Square, S.W.1, married Carl Oscar, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. Husum, of Lisbon, Portugal, at the Danish Church, N.W.1



Durham—Pleydell-Bouverie: Louise, daughter of Mr. Bruce Durham, and of Mrs. Olivia Durham, of Eaton Place, S.W.1, married Robin, son of the late Capt. the Hon. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, R.N., & of Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

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THE TATLER

& BYSTANDER

29 JUNE 1960



The Princess comes home

Sunshine welcome after a sunshine honeymoon for Princess Margaret and her husband, landing at Portsmouth from their 43-day cruise through the Caribbean in Britannia. The Princess turned and waved to the crew as she walked down the gangway to the shore. At Windsor over the weekend, Mr. Armstrong-Jones showed films he took in the West Indies to the Queen and the Royal Family

HIGH SEASON FROLIC

Well met by moonlight

There was never a coming-out quite like that of Candida (left), daughter of the poet & the Hon. Mrs. Betjeman. The dance was in a barn 11 miles from their Berkshire home, and the guests jogged there and back by pony cart



Mr. George Clive, son of Lady Mary Clive and the late Maj. M. G. D. Clive, with Miss Judith Keppel, daughter of the Hon. Walter & Mrs. Keppel



Mr. Auberon Waugh, son of Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the novelist, talking to Miss Alice Clive



Mr. Michael Boyle and the Hon. Patricia Tryon, débutante daughter of Lord & Lady Tryon

Photographed by Desmond O'Neill



Above: Mr. Christopher Brett and Miss Victoria Heber-Percy in the most elegant of the ponycarts, which once belonged to the late Mr. Bertram Mills. Above left: The ponycart train outward bound. The return trip was at four in the morning. See Muriel Bowen's account overleaf



...on, Hercules Bellville and Miss Charmian Scott, out on piled-up fertilizer bags



Miss Susan Aird, daughter of Sir John Aird, Bt., & Lady Priscilla Aird

Horses—between shafts and on course

by MURIEL BOWEN

IT WAS a hansom week for me, beginning with a cross-country pony-cart jaunt from Wantage to Duxford (11 miles) for a barn dance, the beginnings of the coming-out of Miss **Candida Betjeman** (*pictures on previous page*). She's a raving beauty of the younger generation, and the daughter of Mr. **John & the Hon. Mrs. Betjeman**. The barn dance, at Mr. & Mrs. **John Florey**'s farm, was fun, and the drive even more so.

Mrs. Betjeman, driving a skewbald mare to a four-wheeled wagonette (borrowed from Lady Agnes Easton), led the procession, but not for long. The Hon. **Christopher Chetwode**, egged on by his passengers, started pushing up to the front. "Christopher, you poop-stick!" called out Mrs. Betjeman crossly. "Don't you know that it's terribly bad form to canter if you're in a cart?" A severe reprimand, but in the circumstances I am sure that her father, the late Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode (once C.-in-C., India), would have given an approving nod.

We jig-jogged along. Lord Chetwode (in blue-and-white ski-sweater and deerstalker) was driving a two-wheeler, the Hon. **"Bobbie" Corbett** a smart red-and-black wagonette, and Miss Betjeman her two-seater Ralli.

Their passengers included Miss **Victoria Heber-Percy**, Lady **"Buffy" Charteris** (usefully able to supply the bit of expert horse and carriage knowledge when needed), Mr. **Henry Berens**, Mr. **"Mike" Taylor** (son of the Headmaster at Repton), Mr. **Henry Harrod**, and Mr. **Simon Lennox-Boyd**, the red-headed son of the former Colonial Secretary, who proved nimble at running along in front when we needed a pointsman at cross-roads.

It was an exhilarating drive through the late evening. The Duxford road toiled before us. To the left was Harwell, the fields full of radioactive tomatoes (people steal these, I was told, but we didn't feel at all tempted). In front a setting sun had left great blotches of pink in the sky.

But it was very cold. Passengers rolled into horse rugs ("the good old-fashioned carriage rugs aren't made any more"). Miss **Alice Clive** snuggled into a tatty Afghan coat which had long since given up lying about its age. Later, though, it got captured while she danced by Miss **Jane Ormsby-Gore**, daughter of the Minister of State at the Foreign Office. Miss **"Meg" Waugh** (daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Evelyn Waugh) told me next day that when it was at its coldest the mattress in the trolley cart was also used as a rug.

At the barn there were hot sausages, punchbowls of fresh fruit salad, and a jazz band. The Hon. **Judith Pakenham**, Mr. **"Ferdie" Mount**, Mr. **Mark Heathcoat-Amory**, and Mr. **Paul Betjeman** (who played the saxophone) emerged pale-faced from motor-cars, having driven over from Oxford.

In the no-man's-land of fertilizer bags behind the buffet I met Miss **Victoria Feilden** (the success of her dance in Hampshire the previous week was a talking point) and Mr. **Auberon Waugh** whose first novel is to be published in the autumn. "I'm hoping for a great future as a novelist," he told me. "My father says the book is much better than anything he wrote at my age."

Then—after an icy Thames swim for some—it was back through the night in the pony carts. Mrs. Betjeman was able to look back

on a most successful dance. "Now that Candida is out I don't expect I shall be going to London much," she said. "It seems so silly to go to London when you live in the country." The host? I tried to find him, but he had left to stay with friends five minutes before guests were due to arrive. He said he wouldn't be returning for **FOUR DAYS**. Pity: it was an evening worthy of his pen.

TO ASCOT BY COACH

I was hansom again when I went to Ascot. Mr. **"Bassie" Gilbey** gave me a wonderful ride from Windsor down the Long Mile in Gilbey's lemon-and-chocolate coach, and afterwards there was a ride back to a sumptuous sit-down of lobster, cold salmon, strawberries and cream—all eaten in the horse box. This year there were no fewer than five coaches-and-four in the No. 1 Car Park on Gold Cup day. Sir **Dymoke White** drove his team of chestnuts, and Mr. **Douglas Nicholson** his Dutch bays. Mr. Nicholson's guests were very appreciative. "A perfectly splendid show, I couldn't have enjoyed anything more," called Major **"Bob" Hoare**, the Cottesmore master, to Mr. Nicholson as the coach pulled up.

The **Queen** and **Prince Philip** were present on all four days of Royal Ascot, driving up the course in the spectacular carriage procession from the Golden Gates. Last year there wasn't any procession because of the Canadian tour. The Queen had no runner this year though. Still, riding Betsy, she had a private early-morning race up the straight with the **Duke of Gloucester**, the **Marquess & Marchioness of Waterford** and other members of the Windsor Castle house party. Betsy is the black mare she bought a couple of years ago as a green young horse and schooled herself.

Most popular win of the meeting was that of Mr. **Jock Whitney**, the American Ambassador, whose Persian Road won the Bessborough Stakes. It brought a tumultuous cheer. Mr. Whitney's stud is one of the

BRIGGS by Graham



show places of Kentucky, but Persian Road is English. "The late Gerald Balding bought him for me," Mr. Whitney told me. "But I do send a number of mares here every year from America to be bred—it's a sort of exchange fellowship." One of them has now got a filly by the Queen's sire Aureole, with, as her owner put it, "all the targets" in front of her next year in the United States.

The hats were their usual dizzy selves but there was more good taste in dressing this year, I thought. **Princess Georg of Denmark** in a deep pink-and-white floral dress with a soufflé of pale pink picture hat was outstanding. So, too, were Mrs. **Christopher Loyd** in the turquoise hat and dress she wore at Princess Margaret's wedding, and **Lady Zinnia Comins**. Mrs. **Paul Wright** (her husband shortly takes up a Foreign Office posting in Cairo), Mrs. **Bea Smithers**, Miss **Susan Aird** and Miss **Juliet Musker** were others whose chic clothes I noticed.

There was the usual spate of near-the-racecourse parties. Mr. "Atty" Persse celebrated his 91st birthday with flourish. There was a lunch party, and in the evening a humdinger of a birthday party, complete with cake. No candles, though, this year. At 90 Mr. Persse decided he didn't want any more candles in future.

The **Earl of Harrington** found he hadn't room enough for the number of friends he had invited to stay at the house he rented. So he put the extra ones under canvas on the lawn. Mrs. "Reggie" Palmer, too, was entertaining. I met her rushing off early from the races to prepare for a cocktail party. And, as she put it, after Ascot you never know how many to expect.

MATCHMAKER

I went to a party given by Miss Heather Jenner (wife of "Gamesmanship" author Stephen Potter) at her St. John's Wood home to celebrate the 21st birthday of her famous Bond Street marriage bureau. I know one M.P. who found his wife through her, but I couldn't wait to ask who else. "I virtually always have an M.P. on my books," Miss Jenner told me. "But strangely I don't have one at present. They can't have settled down yet after the General Election." She has two peers, though; and a countess, a viscountess, and a baroness owe their titles to her matchmaking.

Miss Jenner, a tall, elegant woman in her mid-forties, has a special warmth, I think, for the elderly bachelor. "I can't imagine why people think they should marry when they're happy as they are," she said. "It's the same," she went on, "with many of the attractive men and women in their 30s who only come to me because for years their friends have been saying, 'Well I really can't understand why you don't get married'."

These people, because they're only half interested, are her biggest headache. They don't really want to get married anyway.

Army and naval officers—who used to be one of the great draws—are no longer easy to marry off, and diplomats too are slipping.

Shortages? "There are never quite enough doctors to go round. Farmers are at a premium, not sufficient for the girls who want to hook them."

After 21 years Miss Jenner, herself the daughter of an army officer, has one ambition left. "A number of clergymen who have come to me, including a dean, have made happy marriages. Now I'd like to marry off a bishop."

HARLEQUINS—AND COLUMBINES

Rugger players never seem to fail in potent attraction for pretty girls. So when the Harlequin Football Club held a Summer Ball at Culverwood House, the Hertford home of **Mr. & Mrs. C. A. Marques** (pronounced "Marks" as in Lourenço Marques), the girls were numerous and willing helpers. Miss **Sophie Sivrisarian**, an Armenian artist whom the team met while playing in the Argentine, spent the whole of her Whit weekend carrying out instructions to "do something" with the garage. Now the Marques family find themselves with mermaids on their garage walls for keeps.

The garage, a night club on the evening of the dance, was the focal point for many notable names in rugger. Mr. & Mrs. **John Tallent**—he's President of the Rugby Union—were there, and Mr. & Mrs. **John Williams**, Mr. & Mrs. "Johnny" Matthews, Dr. "Doug" Smith, the ex-Scottish international, & Mrs. Smith, and Mr. & Mrs. "Mike" Gray (he skippers Richmond).

"Tonight is our first serious training practice for our next match, on September 10, when we meet the Irish Wolfhounds," Mr. David Marques, Harlequins' captain told me. Not everybody, though, was taking the dancing so seriously. Strolling in the floodlit

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HIGH SEASON RACING

People at Royal Ascot meeting

Photographs by VAN HALLAN



Lady James Crichton-Stuart with her brother, Mr. Anthony Croker-Poole



The Duke of Marlborough on Hunt Cup Day with Lady Petre



Mr. & Mrs. Sebastian Gilbey, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbey & Mrs. H. Smithers



Lady Mancroft, with Baron and Baroness Eugene de Rothschild



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RON APPELBE

HIGH SEASON POLO

Cup Final

The new Queen's Cup tournament was played off on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Park, and watched by the Queen who made the presentation to the winning Centaurs



STAMPING DOWN THE DIVOTS: The Queen (centre) and other spectators at Smith's Lawn between play in the quarter-finals of the Royal Windsor Cup. KICKING UP THE DIVOTS, top: Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh (foreground), Prince Philip, Capt. R. I. Ferguson, Lt.-Col. C. Armitage, and (at back) Earl Mountbatten (umpire), the Maharajah of Jaipur, Capt. E. A. M. Fox-Pitt and the Marquess Douro. Play was in the Royal Windsor Cup first round between The Tigers (light shirts) and Windsor Park Right: The Centaurs beat Cowdray Park to win the Queen's Cup. The Queen presented it to their captain, Mr. Evelyn de Rothschild



Prince Philip with Earl Mountbatten, after Windsor Park had beaten The Tigers in the Royal Windsor Cup first round





Windstorms during the final of the Queen's Cup made the ground heavy and slowed down play



Col. R. J. A. Watt and Prince Philip of the Windsor Park team. Below: Lt.-Col. A. F. Harper, of Cowdray Park



Cocktails at Windsor Park

The Countess of Ronaldshay at the party given by the Household Brigade Polo Club at their Windsor Park headquarters after the finals of the Friar Park Cup and the Smith's Lawn Cup



PHOTOS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Sir Eric Miéville, who was Private Secretary to the late King George VI, with the Hon. Jean Evans, daughter of the Queen's physician, Lord Evans



Lady Porchester with the Marquess of Douro and the Maharajah of Jaipur



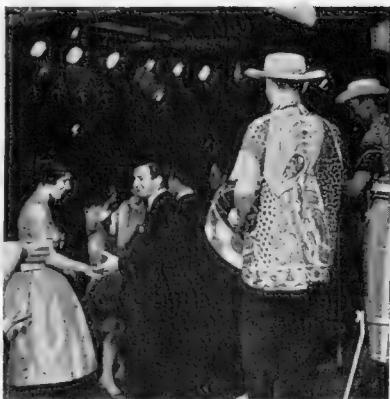
The Hon. Mrs. John Wills and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, whose husband plays for the Tigers' team and is chairman of the Household Brigade Polo Club

HIGH SEASON PARTY

South Seas Coming-out

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

Miss Diana Taylor and Mr. James Wolfe-Murray. Diana's mother, Mrs. Peter Taylor, gave the coming-out party amid the Polynesian décor of the new Beachcomber restaurant at the May Fair



Miss Catriona Glencairn-Campbell



Miss Frances Taylor, Diana's sister

Miss Ann Lloyd-Davies, Miss Penelope Staveley-Hill, Mr. Leslie Archer-Davis, Miss Alice Sebag-Montefiore, Miss Catriona Glencairn-Campbell & Miss Jennifer Heneage



At the Harlequin Summer Ball: Miss Lynn Peters

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

gardens were Mr. Anthony Boyden, the ocean yachtsman, & Mrs. Boyden. Mr. & Mrs. Frank Leach, over on a visit from their sugar and citrus estates in the Argentine, came with their daughter Diana. She's to marry M. J. K. Smith, the Test cricketer and former Oxford captain.

There was a cabaret produced by wing-forward Mr. Jeff Abbott. And the tombola raised more than £100 towards the Harlequins' next-year trip to Africa, when they hope to play the Kenya Harlequins and the Pretoria Harlequins.



Miss Jane Compton and Mr. Michael Bryceson

PHOTOGRAPHS: PHILIP TOWNSEND

LORD KILBRACKEN:

Is Henley slipping?

MEANDERING slowly from Oxford towards Eton, the young Thames takes it suddenly into its head at Henley to run perfectly dead straight for just over a mile, from the green lawns of Leander to below Temple Island. Henley owes all its fame and fortunes to this strange fortuitous fact.

Socially, its fortunes are not what they were. The regatta has been steadily losing ground as a fashionable turnout since the war. But as a tough wet-bob occasion its importance has never lessened and no other British regatta can hold a candle to it. Henley is still to rowing what Lord's is to cricket, Wimbledon to tennis, Twickenham to rugby, and Ascot to the turf. This year could bring a social revival too, for now that a Cambridge coxswain has become linked with the House of Windsor the Royal Regatta may again become royal. Nobody could remedy the tendency to social slide quicker than The Cox's Wife.

It was 1939, my last summer at Eton, when I myself first rowed there. The Eton VIII moved bodily to Henley a week before the regatta; for a sweat-laden fortnight of training and racing, all work of an academic nature was forgotten as we rowed and ate, and rowed and slept, and rowed and slept and ate.

Even the dry-bobs had an interest in our progress, because the whole school would be awarded a holiday if we managed to reach the final of the Ladies' Plate—the strangely-named event which is *not*, I hasten to say, for ladies, but for crews from public schools, Oxford and Cambridge colleges, and Trinity College, Dublin. It wasn't a vintage year for British rowing—most of the open events were won by foreign crews—but it was still, indisputably, a Great Occasion. And it was still more or less obligatory, at any rate on Finals Day, for any deb-and-her-mum who were taking the Season anything like seriously. They were there in force and that holy of holies, the Pink Palace (alias Leander Club), was sprinkled with Debrett.

We went out in the semi-final to a fast crew from Clare, the eventual winners, so the school missed its holiday by about a length-and-a-half. However, we had had our week of happy schoolboy glory, still vividly remembered. There was the triumph of a win by a canvas over a fancied Oxford college—hulking great men, grown-ups with moustaches. There was the despair as our opponents took an early half-length lead, and the subsequent joy as they came back to us: first the rudder (seen momentarily from the corner of an eye), and then the cox, and then stroke, and then, foot by foot, 7, 6 and 5. There were *three* requests for autographs, nonchalantly signed. There were the loving glances of sundry mothers, and the eyes of pretty sisters, caught by that dashing blazer:

*"Blue, edged with white, for Henley,
A decorative coat."*

There were the smells: the special odour of embrocation in the changing rooms; the sudden aroma of hops, wafted from a nearby brewery, which spurs the flagging oarsman halfway through each race; and all the perfumes of Araby (and Paris) in the smart enclosure. There were the roundabouts and hurdy-gurdies and ghost trains and three-card-tricksters, and the tempting Henley girls in their short silk dresses, in the jangling riverside fair. And there were the heroes of Leander in their pink caps, pink ties, pink socks and pink complexions; and the old, old Blues in their old blue dittoes. (Do caps shrink? Or do heads swell?)

Other business then occupied me for some years, and I next rowed that gruelling course of something-over-a-mile in 1946, at the advanced age of 25. For several practice outings the previous March, soon before the Boat Race, I'd taken 5's thwart in the university crew when he went down with blood poisoning, and I might still have been with them from Putney to Mortlake if he hadn't, alas, been unpoisoned in time for the race! Deputizing for him had been unforget-

table; there are many, I know, who cannot understand the fascination and satisfaction of rowing, of making frantic, frenetic exertions to propel oneself backwards as fast as possible up a river, but they can never have experienced the swing and rhythm and power of a really first-class eight nearing the peak of training.

Now, at Henley, I was rowing bow in the Isis crew, which eventually lost to I.C.B.C. in the final of the Thames Cup. (This is an event for eights which are not good enough, in their own opinion, for the Grand, and not eligible for the Ladies'. There are also events for fours, pairs, sculls and double-sculls, but eights take pride of place, and the Grand Challenge Cup is the centrepiece of the week.) Postwar austerity held full and absolute sway that year and there was a complete absence of trimmings; we were solely concerned with the business of winning races (is that how it *should* be?). Besides, few foreign crews could travel, and several were enemy aliens, so that the international flavour, so much a part of Henley, was missing. In 1946, it could hardly have been otherwise.

Since then, all the other deb-dotted occasions—Ascot, Lord's, Wimbledon—have regained their full pristine glory. Henley, meantime, or so it seems to me, has slipped into the background.

It's high time, I suggest, to reverse the tendency, for what could be more delectable than a summer's day by the river? What more, besides, could the uninitiated spectator, brought along by an eager son, brother or boy-friend, require of a sporting event? At a cricket match, after all, the ladies must at least *pretend*, most of the time, to be watching the game, which is terribly, terribly boring. At Henley, on Finals Day, there are only a few seconds every hour when the competing crews *can* be seen, as they flash past the stands to victory or defeat—which leaves 59 minutes at least for gossip and champagne cocktails.



A DUDE IN THE CAMARGUE

—not the fellow in the picture (he's a local cowboy), but there's nothing to stop anyone dressing up like him, and nothing does. In this off-beat ranchland of France, now due for a vogue, visitors share the passion of the people for horses and the outdoor life



ONCE that stretch of land in the south of France known as the Camargue has cast its spell on you it is said to hold your love for ever—the *nostalgie de la Camargue*. It is a land where man has won and lost, and where he can only win again if he fights with nature, not against her. An island formed by the Grand and Petit Rhone before they reach the sea, it has at its heart the Etang de Vacarrés, home of the flamingos. About the shore of the *étang* the legendary ponies and cattle somehow find a living. Half desert, half marsh, scorched by a relentless sun, seared by a driving wind, it is a land of myths and mirages. Once it was the granary of the legions of Rome; then it was turned into a desert by the foolishness of man. Remote, relentless, barren, rich, a land of contradictions, whose inhabitants hang on to their way of life almost as if it were a religion.

A more unlikely place to find a large and excellent restaurant, a bullring, a weekly exhibition of some of the more spectacular Camar-

gais ways of life, and now *cabanes* where you can stay, it would be hard to imagine. But there it is, at Méjanes 15 miles or so south of Arles, and only three hours from London by that singularly comfortable airline, U.A.T. It is all on the estate of Paul Ricard, whose name is famous across France as the manufacturer of the aperitif. First he was one of the seers who brought rice (and riches) to the Camargue. Admittedly that is regarded as sacrilege by those mesmerized by the strange wildness and lore of the land. The flamingos are reputed to object, but they have a large nature reserve to themselves on the eastern shore of the Etang de Vacarrés. Méjanes skirts the lake's northern and western shores. It is an old estate, protected on one side by a rare belt of trees, and at its centre is the beautiful farmhouse housing the offices from where the farm, the restaurant, the bullring, the whole thing, are run.

And here is Monsieur Cagnet, the manager. A young man whose

CONTINUED OVERLEAF





Trumpet and microphone warn footballers that a vache sauvage is joining them

A DUDE IN THE CAMARGUE *continued*

crowning passion is clearly horses. But then everyone's crowning passion on the Camargue is horses—or bulls. Monsieur Cagnet rides the horses superbly, and kills the bulls from the horses' backs, as is the way in the bullfight of these parts. There are Spanish fighting bulls at Méjanes, raised on pastures that have singularly little resemblance to the desert-like appearance of the land as yet unreclaimed. Well away from these pleasant pastures, standing a little back from the Etang de Vacarrés, is the bullring and the public's playground—all on a large scale.

At Méjanes on Sunday you can see how they herd the horses across the Camargue; and the bulls. There will be a shout of warning through a microphone and the herd will gallop by escorted by

mounted guardians (the cowboys of the Camargue). Right clean through the crowd go the bulls; the horses, the mares and foals, thunder right up to the restaurant steps, and round they go again, so that you may admire them the more.

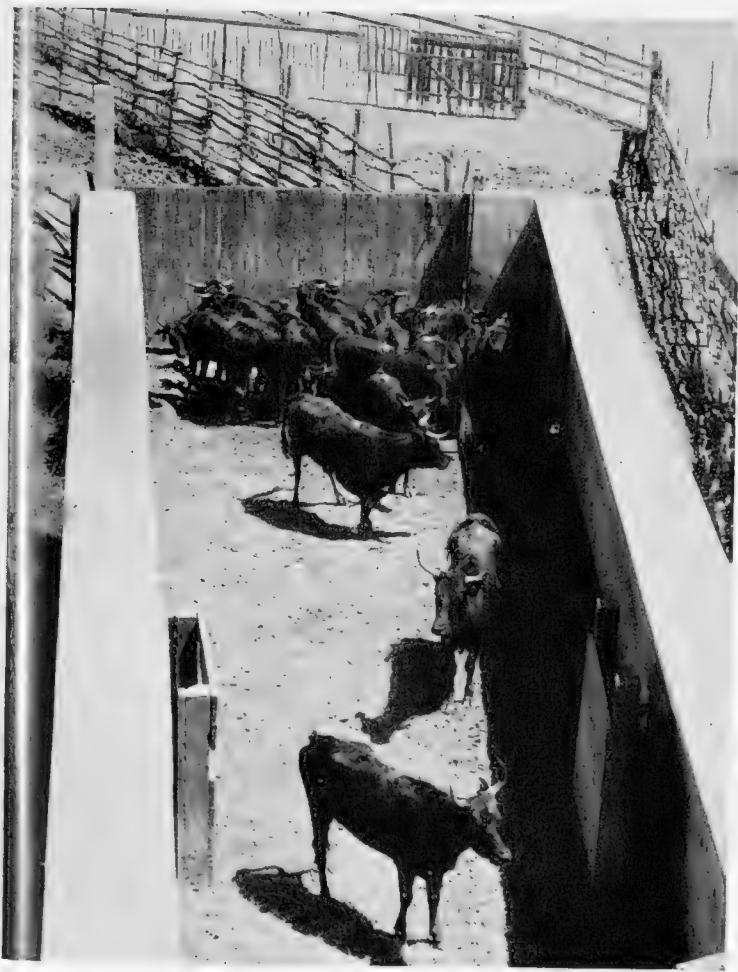
You can see the business of branding the young bulls, taking part yourself if the spirit moves you, and you feel inclined to try your skill at the art of throwing a young beast, and holding him. You can ride. You can eat. You can sleep at Méjanes in the heart of the Camargue. The comfort and excellence of your eating and sleeping is under the experienced eye of Mareel Pace, late head barman of the Crillon in Paris. You can—on occasion—see a full-blown bullfight, *mis à mort* they call it there. Other entertainment in the bullring may be a



Mounts for visitors wait all day under this shelter on Sundays. A deep provençal saddle is used—helpful for beginners. Right: On the restaurant terrace



Looking like kennels, but actually well-fitted cabanes, each with a shower



Ready for the Camargais games, held weekly, cattle wait in the arena compound



When bulls are branded, visitors get first chance to try to throw each young animal. When they have duly failed a professional duly lassos it. Below: The bar. The customers are not so often cowboys as visitors dressing the part, which most do. Note bullfight prints

football match into which a *vache sauvage* (and she is *sauvage*) is suddenly released, which adds to the excitement of the game, to put it mildly.

Undoubtedly Méjanes is different. "The public must come to the Camargue," says Monsieur Ricard. On Sunday his attendants note where each car has come from, as a check on how often some people return, and from where; an assessment of popularity. The public come—on Sundays. On weekdays nightingales sing, frogs croak, and you can walk or ride from your *cabane* to the Etang de Vacarrés where the flamingos fly. Or you can see the working of a modern, enterprising farm. Rice-growing is picturesque—like the flamingos.

London—Marseilles return by U.A.T., Monday-Friday: Tourist £37 9s., First-class £46 11s.



SPIKE HUGHES LOOKS AT GLYNDEBOURNE

*Two treats
for
operagoers*



ERICH AUERBACH

ONE THING every newcomer discovers by the end of their first rehearsal there is that there are no stars at Glyndebourne. In the programme the head gardener's name appears in the same size type as the conductor's, and the photographs of the principal singers are set out in strictly alphabetical order. From time to time, nevertheless, there is no denying that one performer may get talked about by the public more than the others. A couple of seasons back it was Geraint Evans when, as Verdi's Falstaff, he first showed the international class that led to his engagement a few weeks ago at La Scala, Milan—and, most of us thought, about time too. This year two names—one new, one old—have caught the ear: for many people the 1960 season at Glyndebourne has meant the opportunity of hearing Joan Sutherland in Bellini's *I Puritani* and the prospect of hearing Sir Thomas Beecham conduct Mozart's *Magic Flute*, which you will find in the schedule under its correct Glyndebourne title of *Die Zauberflöte*. (If you have missed Joan Sutherland in *I Puritani* you can hear her as Donna Anna in the Glyndebourne production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*—which is another kettle of coloratura, beginning on July 1.)

Bellini's opera, which had not been performed in this country for 73 years, was not "put on" at Glyndebourne specially for Joan Sutherland, as some people seem to think. It was pencilled-in several years ago for production in the early 1960's, with two other possible singers in mind for the leading part. The development of Joan Sutherland during the past couple of years into the class of coloratura soprano she has become, however, made her a "natural" for the difficult role of Elvira. And Glyndebourne, who are rarely given to patting artists on the

back, confess that Miss Sutherland has been giving a performance which probably cannot be equalled by any other singer in the world today.

And they are quite right, for there is no doubt that this is a voice in a million. Its owner is a tall 33-year-old Australian, with a refreshing absence of airs about her and a good-natured tendency to nudge you metaphorically—and sometimes literally—in the ribs. She has a big voice; you notice this if your experience of coloratura comes from the lark-like sounds made by Lily Pons, for instance. Joan Sutherland had ambitions, to begin with, to sing the really heavy stuff in opera; she was belting out Wagner when she was still only 19. But though the repertoire she now specializes in—the *bel canto* roles of early 19th-century opera—has enabled her to take life a little easier and drop the volume of her voice a decibel or two, the latent power is obviously still there in the voice. The bell-like note is no timid tinkle; it is a solidly-cast resounding clang, and one of the most impressive moments in her Glyndebourne performance this season has been a long sustained A in a big ensemble passage in the first act of *I Puritani*. It was a wonderfully easily-produced note, clearly heard above orchestra, colleagues and chorus, and lasting for about 12 seconds with the whole phrase repeated a couple of bars later. It was a passage made memorable by the singer's absolutely effortless breathing.

Now this may not sound an unusual achievement, but in the kind of coloratura part in which Miss Sutherland is making her name there are always alternatives for the singer—but only in the solo arias. Then, if she is bored with the prospect of holding a note, she can come off it; if she likes it, she can hold it. If the idea of hitting a high note doesn't appeal to her, she can take a lower one; if she is feeling in tremendous form she can put everything up an octave and ensure that a good time is had by all. But in the ensembles it is different—and difficult. There is no alternative but to sing what the composer has written—except to keep quiet and try to pretend you aren't supposed to be singing at that point anyway.

In other words, it is often in the less spotlit passages that a singer's quality is most severely tested. In the glaring spotlight of her solo scenes perhaps the most notable feature of Joan Sutherland's voice is its pathos. A puzzling asset? Not really. Although the popular conception of the coloratura voice is one of endlessly perky agility, composers like Bellini and Donizetti, who are Miss Sutherland's particular cups of tea, realized that it was capable of a peculiarly pathetic other-worldliness of its

own which makes it particularly suitable in the Mad Scenes in which early 19th-century Italian opera seemed to abound. Without this overtone of pathos in the voice no amount of brilliance and sparkling top notes will make the music anything more than an empty display of virtuosity—no matter how accurate and technically startling the performance may be. For good measure, of course, Joan Sutherland has accuracy and technical dexterity as well, so that when she hits her top notes there is no nonsense, and the sound and self-confidence of it all is a great relief to the listener.

And for this relief, believe me, one cannot be too truly grateful. The more ease-hardened an operagoer becomes the greater is the anxiety and apprehension he feels at every visit to the opera house—except, of course, if Sir Thomas Beecham is conducting. Then experience teaches him that the one thing he can safely expect is the unexpected.

At the age of 81 Sir Thomas Beecham is to make his first appearance at Glyndebourne as an opera conductor. But even more important than his Glyndebourne débüt is the return of Sir Thomas to the orchestra pit to conduct a Mozart opera for the first time since 1938. That was the season which opened with one of my favourite news stories of all time. It began: "A bearded man in the stalls caused a sensation during the overture at Covent Garden last night by shouting 'Shut up, you——!'" The reporter, perhaps a little unfamiliar with who exactly did what and where in an opera house, was in fact describing Sir Thomas's very audible reproach from the conductor's rostrum of some talkative customers behind him. The Mozart opera that season was the same one Sir Thomas is to conduct at Glyndebourne this summer, *The Magic Flute*.

Twenty-two years is a long time not to have conducted an opera in—unless you are an octogenarian, when it obviously seems like the day before yesterday. (Was there ever such an active and long-lived race as conductors? In addition to Beecham who is 81, Monteux is 85, Bruno Walter 83, Serafin 81, Malko and Stokowski are 78, Ansermet is 76, Cameron 75, Gui just on 75, and Boult 70.) Beecham's Mozart has always been controversial. I recall a performance of the Jupiter Symphony years ago in the course of which he did some quite unwarrantable things, which he had never done before or ever did again. I asked him years afterwards why he had done it. He couldn't remember—except that it was "probably indigestion." What can one do with somebody like that? Controversial he may be, sometimes even inexcusably wrong; but Beecham is never dull. And there is always

the chance that he will make a speech at the end to raise hell on some public matter of musical principle.

The English operagoer owes Sir Thomas Beecham a debt going back half a century—for it is now exactly 50 years since Beecham presented his first Covent Garden season. The Glyndebourne repertoire itself is as big a debtor as any. Beecham more than anybody laid the foundation of present-day appreciation of Mozart's operas in this country. His legendary performances during the 1914-18 war of *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Costì fan tutte* had a lasting effect on English musical taste. This is something which is in danger of being forgotten if we are not careful—like Beecham's big part in the education of the English in the less familiar Rossini comic operas. The way for

La Cenerentola and *L'Italiana in Algeri*, which have become part of Glyndebourne's post-war history, was undeniably prepared by Sir Thomas when he put on these two comedies at Covent Garden before the war. The Rossini revival was largely begun in Italy in the late 1920's by Vittorio Gui, Glyndebourne's new Artistic Counsellor; the even more difficult task of successfully importing that revival into England, where operagoers do not laugh easily, was achieved by the initiative in the 1930's of that "bearded man in the stalls." It is a moving and reassuring thought that Sir Thomas Beecham should at last be conducting an opera at Glyndebourne before an audience whose appreciation of Mozart and Rossini he has directly and indirectly influenced and stimulated for more than a generation.

ERICH AUERBACH





A man who is going to find the place a lot noisier, and perhaps have to put up with some walking on flowerbeds: Mr. Brown, Heslington Hall's head gardener. Below: Not strictly the quad (there's an open view of parkland on the fourth side) but the nearest that York men can expect to get to it in an E-shaped building



A NEW UNIVERSITY FOR YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEWIS MORLEY

NOT this year, not next year, but sometime this side of never those impressive lists of the staff's qualifications that adorn the opening pages of public-school magazines will include such entries as: P. B. Ingram, B.A. (York). If present plans come off, this B.A. will have been acquired in the pleasing precincts of Heslington Hall. Actually the site earmarked for the new university of York extends substantially farther than the 17 acres of this stately home, former seat of the de Yarburgh-Batesons. Altogether 200 acres in the vicinity are included, and much new building will be necessary. Indeed, just where the Hall itself will fit in is still undecided. But the pictures show how admirably it is suited for the centrepiece of a new seat of learning, endowing it with an air of venerable tradition from the outset.

How far advanced is the project now? The Government and the University Grants Committee have responded to efforts of the York University Promotion Committee (chairman: the Archbishop of York) and given a go-ahead. Next an Academic Planning Board is to be inaugurated. This board will settle such points as how many students should be admitted—2,000 is vaguely suggested—and what courses should be available to them. Some educationists believe that it would be a mistake for the new universities to follow too closely the pattern of Oxbridge. They argue that modern conditions require a wider syllabus, perhaps borrowing from American experience, and certainly concentrating more heavily on scientific subjects. Somehow, though, it is difficult to see historic York among the reformers.





Pond into which future generations of undergraduates can confidently expect to be thrown. Mercury, too, may be fated for more fanciful headwear sometimes.



Left: The Chessmen are among the finest examples in England of clipped yew bushes. Inevitable rendezvous for strolls with partners during the annual ball



This 32-faceted sundial tells the time in various parts of the world. It shouldn't take too long to find it a suitable irreverent nickname



The banqueting hall—which, being on the compact side, seems likely to be collared by the dons



Fine leatherwork by Dutch craftsmen surmounts this fireplace. Below: Sure setting for the genesis of undergraduate essays—the garden seat

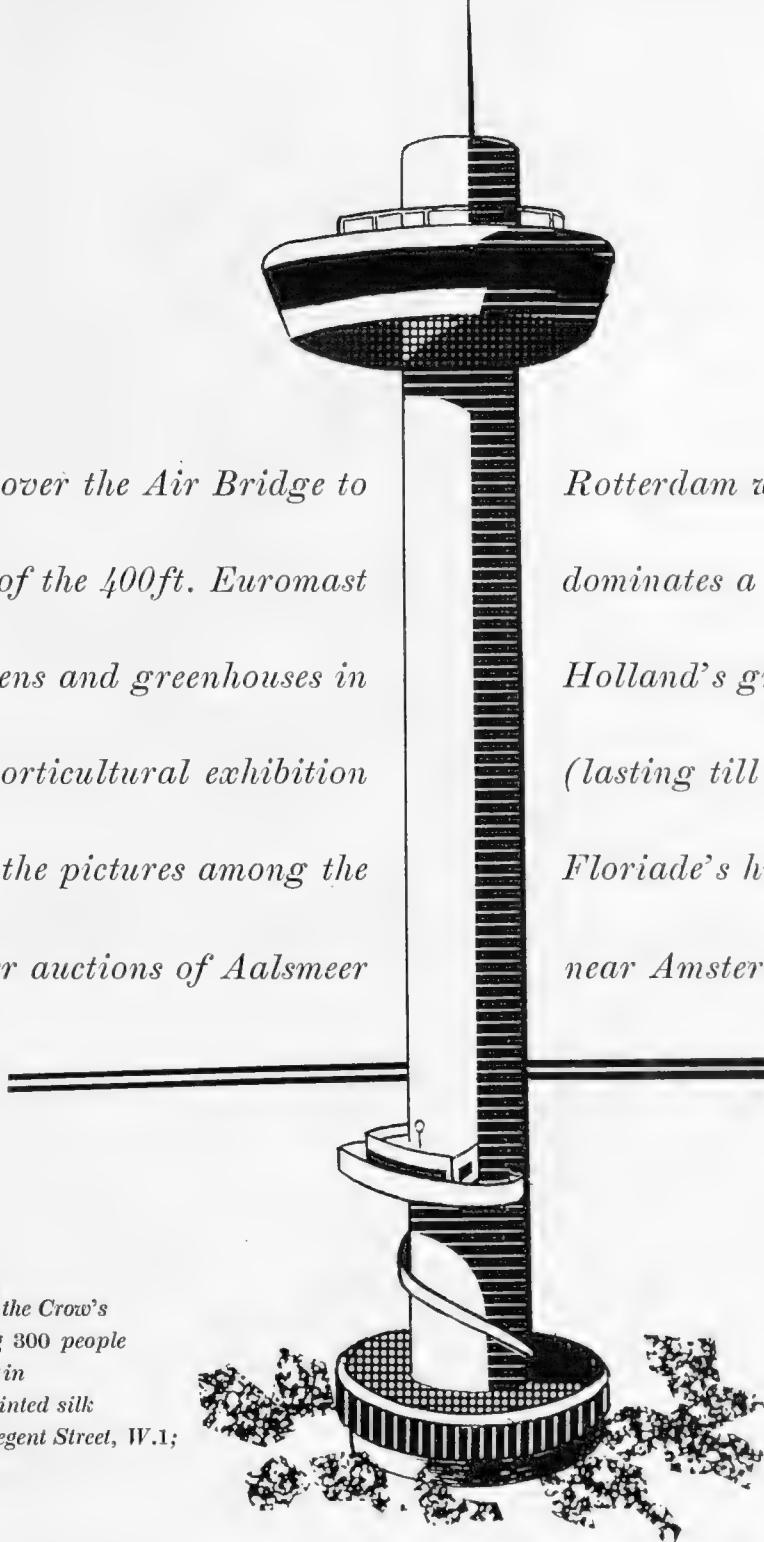


The flying Floriade



Fashion flies over the Air Bridge to slender pencil of the 400ft. Euromast fantastic complex of gardens and greenhouses in horticultural exhibition David Olins took the pictures among the blooms and at the flower auctions of Aalsmeer

Rotterdam where the dominates a Holland's great international (lasting till September) Floriade's hundred acres of near Amsterdam



*E*bird's eye view of the Floriade for the visitor (left) in the Crow's Nest of the Euromast, one of three restaurants seating 300 people. She wears an orchid pink straight skirt and ribbed top in knitted cotton by Tricosa, with Ascher's toning rose-printed silk square (from Harrods). Skirt and top at Hupperts, Regent Street, W.1; Mayo, Solihull; Hilda Hanson, Nottingham. Prices: skirt £5 10s., top £3 15s.

THINK of Holland, think of bulbs—with an export industry running to a current £20,000,000 a year, not to mention all those travel posters depicting windmills foreshortened in a perspective of bulbfields, you can't very well miss. But the fact is that the Dutch national flower is no more indigenous to the Netherlands than oranges to Sicily, sugar to the West Indies, or, face it, potatoes to Britain.

It all began when Ogier Ghislain de Busbecq, a Flemish nobleman who became Austrian Ambassador to Turkey, brought tulip bulbs back to Rotterdam after a 2,000-mile journey by coach from Constantinople. (The Floriade mail coach drawn by four horses retraced the route earlier

this year to mark the 400th anniversary of de Busbecq's journey.) Honour for the first planting goes to de Busbecq's friend Clusius, professor of botany at Leiden University, who set the bulbs in his garden (still preserved at Leiden). In the way of these things nobody paid much attention to de Busbecq's imports at the time but within 40 years Holland had established a flourishing bulb trade. The next step was to specialize, to find and develop new varieties.

Over the centuries the Dutch bulb breeders encouraged travellers and explorers to bring back rare specimens from mountain districts in Asia Minor and Persia of which the first reports had been brought to Western Europe by





The flying Floriade CONTINUED

Tulips dominate this section of the Floriade, with hundreds of tall blooms like the creamy white cottage tulip Elsie Elof, which is more than two feet high. Providing a perfect background, Frank Usher's cotton dress of brown and black checks, with a fine yellow overstripe and a white piqué collar. At Simpson's, Piccadilly, W.1. Price: £8 18s. 6d. Ear-rings and bracelet from Derry & Toms. Hothouses containing trees and plants from many royal gardens and conservatories include a section devoted to Monaco. The plants and shrubs (above) are from Prince



Rainier's Jardin Exotique. The huge tree fern is Cebotium Regale, the tropical plant, Platycerium. The visitor wears a pale blue linen and Terylene dress edged with white from Derry & Toms, price: 8 gns. From Simone Mirman comes a hat of blue and white flower petals which costs, understandably, a great deal more. In the Tropical House (opposite) the intruder wears a wistaria cotton smock with matching tapered slacks, from Bazaar, of Chelsea and Knightsbridge. Prices: smock, 4 gns.; slacks, £4 14s. 6d. The toning silk square is by Ascher

Tall tulips from Haarlem and exotics from Monaco . . .



Crusaders and travellers. Most of the tulips and hyacinths that bloom in English gardens developed from bulbs brought to Europe along the slow and perilous camel caravan routes of the eastern world.

Today the 8,000 Dutch growers substitute scientific knowledge and long experience for romantic journeys in search of new species. Even then, breeding a tulip requires endless patience and quite a large slice of luck. Patience, because it takes at least 7 years to produce an adult bulb from the seed of a cross-fertilized flower; and even if this hybrid-tulip proves worthy of survival, it will take another 10 years to produce a 1,000 and establish the strain. Obviously many more years must elapse before

the breeder has produced enough to justify putting them on the world market. Luck, because scarcely one in every batch of 5,000 new seedlings is worth keeping, and out of those that are kept, barely one in 100 turns out to be a really new attractive variety. On the credit side, more than 2,000 varieties can be ordered today—60 years ago there were only a dozen—which shows that the patience (and luck) of breeders has been well rewarded.

There are fashions with flowers as with clothes and with Britain the third largest buyer of Dutch bulbs (Western Germany comes first, America second) British gardeners will have quite a lot of say in what the tulip, daffodil and hyacinth will look like in 50 years' time. No







The flying Floriade CONTINUED

Flower barges sail into the centre of Amsterdam and spill their cargoes on to the pavements that run by the side of the canals. The florists offer an enormous variety of flowers and plants which by English standards are extraordinarily cheap. An early morning shopper (opposite) wears a sheath dress of crinkle Courtelle with a wide V-neck. Here in pale blue but also in other colours, at Jaeger, Regent Street, W.1, and

most branches. Price for the dress: 10 gns., hat of daffodil heads by Simone Mirman. Outsize bag of off-white straw and leather from Harvey Nichols Little Shop. Inspecting (above) a purple bougainvillea plant (price 8s.) in the hold of an Amsterdam flower barge, a shopper wears a suit made in Paris by Givenchy in wistaria pure silk. At Woollands, Knightsbridge. Price: 95 gns. Rose petal hat by Simone Mirman

. . . shopping for flowers on the barges of Amsterdam . . .

forecasts on that, but mutations and cross-breeding have already produced 2,000 tulip, 500 daffodil and narcissus, 100 hyacinths and 30 crocus varieties and it's a pretty safe bet that something new will still be wanted and striven for.

Many prejudices and preferences have to be considered by the growers. They have already produced a strain of tulip a foot longer in the stem to suit modern, tall vases. The striped tulips of the old Dutch flower paintings are now known to have been suffering from a virus disease and so are scorned by the modern gardener; colours, too, are constantly changing places in the popularity ratings. For some reason, gardeners mistrust bulbs with white and



peeling skins and want them with a tight brown jacket which they fondly imagine indicates a long stem. The grower does his best to satisfy these likes and dislikes though aware that if the customer had a better knowledge of the various types of bulbs he wouldn't worry half so much about their skins.

But for most flower enthusiasts the ultimate delight lies in massed displays like those to be seen among the 25 square miles of bulbfields lying along the western ridge of the sand dunes from Leiden to Haarlem. The season is short, roughly from the last days of March to the middle of May, and no tulip head is allowed to flourish for more than a day. Workers snip off the heads to conserve the strength of the bulb so that when



The flying Floriade CONCLUDED

Barges bring flowers and plants from fields and hothouses into the warehouses at Aalsmeer where they are off-loaded and auctioned the following day. Flowers that fail to reach the reserve are immediately destroyed, to maintain standards and an economic price. A Dutch grower (opposite) in wooden clogs and beret off-loads his plants, watched by an onlooker in a black embroidered white linen dress. It is

edged with black buttons completely down one side. Shown again in detail (above, left) it is by Mr. Mort at Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge; James Colmer, Bath; Cockayne, Sheffield; Price: 8 gns. It is easy to spend a day in Rotterdam visiting the Floriade. Return fare by the Channel Air Bridge from Southend costs £12 17s. 6d. a passenger or a combined mid-week/week-end return fare, £11 17s. 6d. The approximate price for flying

over a car (depending on length of chassis) is £14 10s. for a single journey. Returning from the bulb fields her car decorated with garlands of bulb heads, a gardening enthusiast waits for her car to be taken on the plane at Rotterdam. She wears a pair of heavy cream silk slacks with a tobacco brown silk shirt. Both from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.1. Prices: slacks, 7 gns.; shirt, 7 gns. Ascher's tan silk headscarf. Bag from Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge

it comes to your garden in the following year it will be at the peak of its vitality and strength. These flower heads provide a profitable sideline for Dutch children who thread them into garlands and sell them along the roadside to the tourists.

The bulbfields can only be seen from the roads but, for those who want to inspect the hundreds of varieties at close quarters, the Dutch bulb growers have turned the Keukenhof gardens at Lisse, near Hillegom, into an enormous display. Keukenhof (the name means kitchen-garden) was bought in a forlorn and dilapidated condition in 1949 by the bulb growers. It was once part of the hunting park of the sprightly Countess Jacoba Van Beyer, who not only

married a Dauphin of France at 15, but also included a Duke of Gloucester among her four husbands. Her hunting lodge still stands in the middle of the park and is filled with medieval furnishings, paintings, suits of armour and a splendid collection of Delft pottery.

Amateur gardeners can wander through 75 acres of cultivated woodland and lakes and make their choice from among 10,000,000 bulbs of every variety. And in the restaurants among the trees you can admire the carpets of hyacinths, tulips and daffodils and narcissi while enjoying good Dutch country food.



... flower auction at Aalsmeer—then home by air

—MAUREEN WILLIAMSON



GLAMOROUS NIGHTS?

There's nothing quite so glamorous as a West End first

night—starting from the moment you set foot in the foyer and promptly get it trodden on. Still, it would never have happened if you hadn't been looking around for the cloakroom, not realizing that the signs have been carefully sited where you can't see them. If you were a regular you'd know that the only way to identify the cloakroom is to find the queue, which is admittedly rather difficult when the entire foyer is filled with people who might as well be a queue—anyway the people are all standing around bunched and motionless. Actually they're waiting for friends or executing the difficult manoeuvre of appearing to be going to their seats while in fact craning their necks to spot all the celebrities. The craning is unnecessary as the celebrities can usually be spotted just by listening for the shrill cries with which they greet each other by first names. "Noël!" "Margaret!" "Emlyn!" Fortunately no ordeal can last for ever, and with persistence you can be sure of eventually getting through the throng and reaching your seat. Having thrown your entire domestic and/or office routine into upheaval in order to get to the theatre for the curtain-up at 7.30 (or even 7 sometimes) you will now be in a mood to congratulate yourself on having made it. Take your time over it and



perhaps study the empty seats of the knowing critics for whose benefit the early start has been instituted. What they know is that there is not a hope in hell of the curtain actually going up for another 20 minutes. Still, too



late now to battle back through the throng for a reviver. That will have to wait till the interval. Allow yourself five minutes to reach the bar, another five minutes to get within hailing distance of the lone barmaid, and if you are lucky you may be sipping your gin and tonic just as the first bell sounds for the second act. Never mind, you're still one of

the envied few to be seeing the new show, and at the current casualty rate of West End productions it probably won't be on for anybody else to see before the week's out. It's those wretched critics who won't give the thing a chance, and if you don't know their faces you can spot them by the way the owners streak out of the theatre the moment the final curtain starts dropping. This is another instance of knowing the ropes. If they waited like you for *God Save the Queen* they'd be five minutes wedged in the corridors. They'd get stuck, like you, in the cloakroom queue (retired cloakroom attendants are rumoured to be recruited as theatre barmaids).

And when they finally made it into the fresh air and the rain they'd find they couldn't get a taxi. So will you.



P.S.: Not one unkind word of this applies to the Piccadilly Theatre, its play, or any living soul connected with it. They let CRISPIN WOODGATE take the pictures there

COUNTER SPY

Light and SHADE

An intelligence
report on situations
where blinds have the
edge on curtains

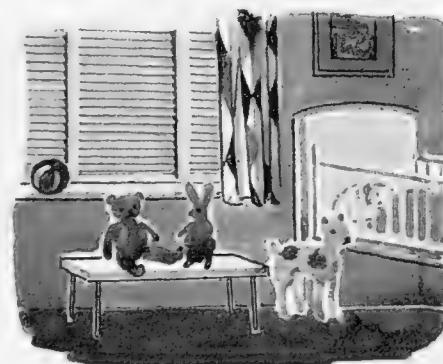
ESPIONAGE: ILSE GRAY DIAGRAMS: GORDON DAVIES

THERE'S nothing like a blind to relieve the feelings on days when the sun glares right in at you and stops you reading or getting on with your work. There are sunny rooms that can't be used on sunny days without drawing the curtains—and isn't that defeating the object of the exercise? The same goes for those conservatories, carefully sited to trap the sun, which succeed so well that they have to be vacated during hours of daylight owing to their having mistaken their role and turned into hothouses. The solution to this sort of summer misfortune is, and always has been, a Venetian blind (said to be the invariable title, incidentally, for home-made movies of a holiday in Venice). But they used to be awkward, unreliable things, and dust-traps too. Aluminium, as the advertisements say of Terylene, has changed all that. The lightweight slats come in all sorts of gay colours and the tapes can be in modern non-shrinking and long-lasting materials too. The whole thing can be dusted or sponged in about the time it takes to prise a rusted curtain hook out of a curtain that's due to come down for washing. Not that this is meant to knock curtains, but Venetian blinds are more versatile. They don't just shut out the light, they control it. In winter when not in use they let in all the light, and in summer when in use they don't block out all the air. They can also be a decorative feature in themselves, blending equally well with period or contemporary schemes. For those who

want to be different, or who have rooms that ought to look taller, the slats can be vertical—either pulling away neatly to the sides or (new from America) staying put in a fixed screen of pivoting louvres, effective to disguise an unwanted ugly view. The vertical Venetians (no blind for them!) also make excellent room-dividers, especially where the light is poor and a permanent partition would accentuate the gloom.

Other kinds of blind are also having a . . . well, boom, then. The traditional roller blind has been taken up by plastic-treated fabrics and Pinoleum (natural or dark green) and there is a new improved version of the washable

holland blind in an attractive colour range. Roller blinds, which usually work on a springback action or on pulleys, can also be made in various kinds of material to match furnishings. Don't forget pleated nylon blinds (which are translucent) and festoons, if you want a period flavour, and there are also wooden blinds in natural cedar or spruce, polished to match the furniture. Awnings are livening up, too. Canvas ones are still around but in brighter designs, and there are rotproof fabrics like Tygan. For porches and windows you can have aluminium awnings, and there is even a roll-up aluminium-slat awning for terrace or veranda that can stay out in all weathers. In fact dazzle trouble is a lot easier to cope with than pun trouble, which leaves nothing more to be said except that, carefully chosen, a modern blind can be a dazzling success.



SUMMER STRATEGY for a nursery when children go to bed on summer evenings—the Venetian blind here cuts out light, lets air circulate



TO LET IN LIGHT: Windows vary in size and type so much so that most blinds and awnings have to be made to order. Furnishing and departmental stores usually have details, samples and prices, and will take orders. One firm represented in most stores is Luxaflex. They make all components for Venetian blinds in 20 colours—from white and ivory to Chinese red and black. Blinds come with either plastic-coated rayon tapes (non-shrinking, stretching or fading) or hidden tapes. This firm offer a seven days' delivery anywhere in England plus a five-year guarantee, and they also make vertical draw draperies (in the same colour range) and fixed or roll-up aluminium awnings. Avery's, 81 Great Portland Street, one of the oldest blind

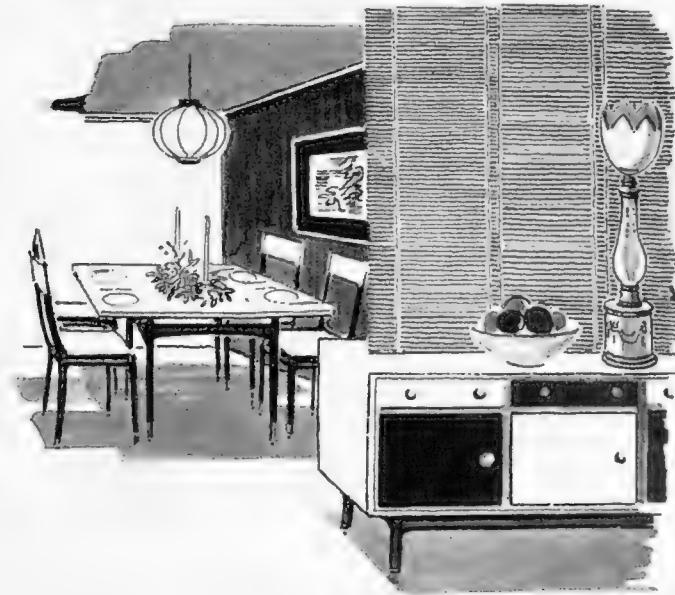
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IN 1 OR A PENTHOUSE with big windows, floor to ceiling glazing, is a vertical draw blind. This crisp net in draw drapery by Luxaflex can be drawn one side or divided like curtains



VICTORIAN AIR festoon blind in a period dining-room is made of fine chiffon by Venetian Blinds Ltd. The drapes are 18 inches to two feet apart—rather wider than their original counterparts



AIRY DIVISION between dining and living areas is made by a Pinoleum room divider which can be left open (as here) or used as a permanent floor-to-ceiling divider



WINDOW COVERAGE for a study with an unattractive street view achieved by a Louverdrape vertical blind from Venetian Blinds Ltd. The large pivoting louvres are made of translucent fabric which lets in maximum light

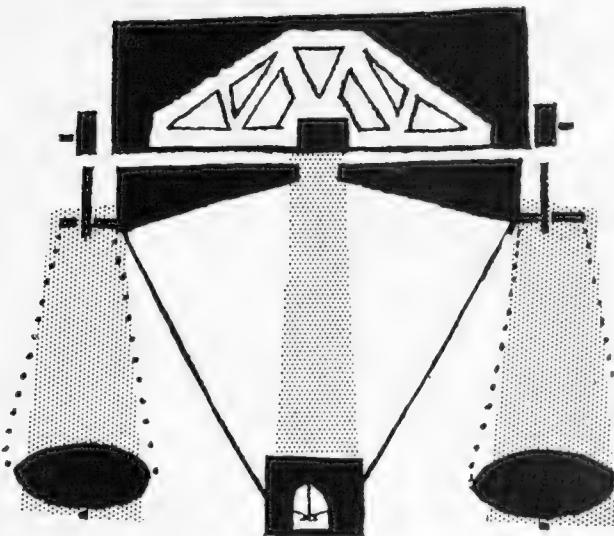
LIGHT & SHADE *continued*

firms in the country, are recommended by architects. They have a wide variety from Pinoleum and fabric roller blinds to canvas or Tygan awnings. For do-it-yourself adventurers there is the "Sunmaster" Venetian blind pack by Miniscaf (from large stores), which costs only 65s. and includes 110 feet of aluminium slatting in six colours, 2 suspension units, hole-cutting tool and fixing screws—and the firm claim you can make a blind in 1½ hours. Finally, Venetian Blinds Ltd. offer a unique service entirely devoted to blinds at their new showrooms in Tottenham Court Road. They give expert advice on all types and makes, most of which are on show, and will answer telephone or postal inquiries as well as giving free personal service in London and the Home Counties



OBVIOUS PROBLEM of reaching up to open or close a skylight blind is solved (above) by Venetian Blinds, Ltd. with a remote photo-control cell. When the sun beats down the blind shuts, when the day is cloudy it opens. Window awning (left) of striped duck, tickin Tygan by Avery keeps a room cool and shades the terrace. Aluminium awning (below) Luxaflex is fixed to the side of the house and provides a shady place for outdoor plants or a useful windbreak on cooler days. The slats are coloured on the outside but painted white underneath to reflect as much light as possible





VERDICTS

The play

The Life Of Galileo. Mermaid Theatre. (Bernard Miles, Michael Griffiths, Vivienne Bennett, Hazel Penwarden.)

The films

Village Of The Damned. Director Wolf Rilla. (George Sanders, Barbara Shelley, Michael Gwynn, Martin Stephens.)

Republic Of Sin. Director Luis Bunuel. (Gérard Phillippe, Maria Felix, Jean Servais.)

Rich, Young & Deadly. Director Charles Haas. (Mickey Rooney, Terry Moore, Dan Duryea.)

Girls Town. Director Charles Haas. (Mamie Van Doren, Mel Torme, Paul Anka, Gigi Perreau.)

The records

Blues In Orbit, by Duke Ellington.

Jazz Gallery: Bessie Smith; Billie Holiday; Sidney Bechet; Erroll Garner.

Bechet-Spanier Big Four.

The books

Zazie, by Raymond Queneau (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.).

Mr. Love & Mr. Justice, by Colin MacInnes (Maegibson & Kee, 15s.).

The New Sonia Wayward, by Michael Innes (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.).

Angelique & The King, by Sergeanne Golon (Heinemann, 21s.).

The galleries

Reg Butler. Hanover Gallery.

Jacob Epstein. Leicester Galleries.

THEATRE



Anthony Cookman

Brecht does go on so

MR. BERNARD MILES HAS PAINSTAKINGLY prepared a special treat for patrons of the Mermaid Theatre. *The Life of Galileo* is one of Bertolt Brecht's major plays, and the English version at Puddle Dock is a complete translation of the present Berliner Ensemble text. It takes Mr. Miles and his company three hours and ten minutes to get through the whole thing. Not a moment too long for the Brecht enthusiast, but for me, I confess, an ordeal and a not highly rewarding one.

Galileo, the 15th-century Italian scientist, who found among other things astronomical confirmation of the Copernican theory that the earth revolves about the sun, is an interesting person. But again and again during the ordeal I found myself wishing that I was reading about him in a good, thick book.

Instead I was watching an actor patiently demonstrating in enormous detail how Galileo worked and what different effects his epoch-making discoveries made on his disciples, his fellow scientists, on merchants who hoped to turn them to commercial profit, on the common people and on princes of the Church who feared that the new scientific facts would break their power and discredit the Bible.

There was no possibility of skipping a page when a particular point had been made to my satisfaction. Nor was I suffered to be held in a sort of trance by a stage biography cast in the old dramatic and dynamic mould of exposition, climax and dénouement. This was Epic Drama, which consists of a loose sequence of scenes, each of which is self-contained, and the whole idea was that I should not get emotionally involved but follow the action cool-headed. It was my business not to take sides but to judge on the evidence put before me and come to a rational conclusion.

The rational conclusion, according to the selected evidence, might be a

Marxist conclusion. I should not have minded that much if the way to it had not been so long, so recklessly littered with repetitions and irrelevancies and if so many of the self-contained scenes had not suggested elaborations of the obvious—legitimate enough when resorted to by a teacher demonstrating his points to a class of backward children, but less pardonable when used in a play addressed to adults.

Brecht's points are good points, but to my thinking they would be made more excitingly by the old drama that he was trying to challenge. What he is describing at inordinate length is the spiritual death of a great physicist.

Galileo is entirely single-minded in his pursuit of scientific fact. For him the gain of knowledge is the product of doubt and to muffle one's doubt is to fail as a scientist. He is a little surprised that those in authority, though intellectually convinced by new scientific facts, are themselves well versed in "the art of doubt." They doubt if the common people are yet to be trusted with the new knowledge. They have moreover the power to smother the new knowledge at birth, and they have only to show the great scientist the instruments of torture to make him recant his revolutionary teaching.

Galileo the scientist knew no fear; but Galileo the man tended to be a comfortable worldling. He saw no point in exposing himself to torture.

He came to terms and lived on into old age enjoying the delicacies of the table provided for him by the Florentine court of the Medicis.

Outwardly he compromised with the Church on social as well as scientific and theological questions.

That was his spiritual death as a man, but he contrived nevertheless to get a copy of his latest works smuggled across the frontier. The Age of Reason which should have begun at the date of his recantation had to wait a few years longer. For Brecht somewhat naively equates the triumphs of science with the Age of Reason.

It must be said, however, that Brecht is often more dramatic in



Crispian Woodgate
THWARTED SCIENTIST: In his old age Galileo ponders about where he went wrong. Bernard Miles in the Mermaid production of Brecht's last play

practice than in theory. There are one or two scenes that stir the sympathies quite in the way of the old drama. Galileo's wife tells him that if she loses her soul on his account that is her business, but he has no right to trample on his daughter's chance of married happiness. The scientist, absorbed in a study of a diagram showing the position of spots on the sun, ignores the plea, but his daughter realizing that she is doomed to spinsterhood falls at his feet in a faint. And the treatment of the scientific minded cardinal who becomes Pope yields effective drama.

Mr. Miles himself plays the enormously long but lack-lustre part of Galileo, and his production on a stage bare except for a few sticks of furniture, though painfully slow, strives hard to live up to Brechtian theories of stagecraft.

Village Of The Damned one feared might be one of those pretty little pastoral pieces in which peasant hatreds boil up to a jolly climax of fratricide, matricide and patricide, preferably by pitchfork, and a suicide, preferably by hanging. Based on Mr. John Wyndham's novel, *The Midwich Cuckoos*, it turned out to be a fascinating science fiction job—quite the most effective film I have yet come across in this genre.

It has an enthralling opening—with all the inhabitants of the village of Midwich falling down like ninepins, apparently dead as door-nails. Mr. Michael Gwynn, a War Office major, driving down to Midwich to visit his physicist brother-in-law, Mr. George Sanders, finds the local bus stationary on the roadside just outside the village—the driver and passengers all seemingly lifeless.

He knows military exercises are going on in the neighbourhood: could "something" have gone wrong? Oh! Oh! Atomic fallout, one shudderingly concludes. Not a bit of it. The village has been temporarily put to sleep—by what mysterious influence nobody knows—and gradually the people come to, none, apparently the worse for the odd experience. Yet it has had an effect on some of them.

Twelve local women, including Mr. Sanders's wife (Miss Barbara Shelley) and several distressed maidens of irreproachable virtue, find themselves pregnant. In due course, 12 babies are born—six boys and six girls, all looking remarkably alike. They have flaxen hair, of a type unknown to our trichologists, and strangely piercing eyes.

At the age of three, these beautiful little monsters have completely adult minds—and by the time they are nine they have developed hypnotic powers which they use to destroy anyone they regard as hostile. Mr. Sanders, as "father" of their ringleader (Master Martin Stephens), is warned by the alarmed

authorities that steps must be taken to curb their dangerous activities.

Mr. Sanders realizes he will have to do something drastic about them—but as they can read his thoughts (and blast him with a glance if they don't like what they read) you will see he is faced with a decidedly tricky problem. You had better find out for yourself how he solves it. You will not be bored.

The late M. Gérard Phillippe, looking worn and troubled (as well he might), figures as a somewhat dubious idealist in **Republic Of Sin**—a film about an island penal settlement belonging to an unidentified South American republic—directed by Senor Luis Bunuel, the Mexican director whose work is always interesting though often a trifle too savage for my taste.

Hating the cruelty to which the prisoners, especially "the politicals," are subjected, M. Phillippe connives at the murder of the Island's Governor, becomes the lover of his widow (the strikingly handsome Senorita Maria Felix) and assistant to his ruthless successor (M. Jean Servais).

Still hoping he can do something for the wretched prisoners, M. Phillippe is talked by his ambitious mistress into a plot to get rid of M. Servais. It succeeds: he is shot for being absent from the island during a mutiny of the prisoners—his absence having been neatly arranged by Senorita Felix. Most of "the politicals" M. Phillippe had hoped to help have been killed in the uprising, of which he had been previously warned.

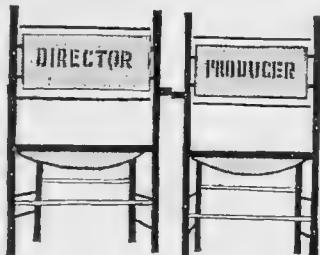
His sense of guilt is perhaps mollified by the fact that he is appointed Governor in place of M. Servais: now, he feels, he may be able to improve conditions on the island—but, a mere amateur at intrigue, he is easily trapped by powerful and unscrupulous politicians into the position of a servant who must obey his brutal masters or die. It is a depressing picture, which seems to say that idealists

should stay mutely in the ivory tower of their idealism.

In **Rich, Young & Deadly**, an uncommonly nasty film, Mr. Mickey Rooney arrives at a military academy to investigate the death of his son, who had been sent to this island institution by his divorced (and now deceased) wife. Mr. Rooney discovers that the academy is run by sinister Mr. Dan Duryea as a dumping ground for rich delinquent youths, whose parents willingly pay the colossal fees to keep their darlings out of the hands of the police. His son, he gathers, was "a nice boy" and therefore a misfit—so he was murdered. As Mr. Duryea is not going to let Mr. Rooney get back to the mainland with that story, you can expect every kind of beastliness to follow—if you care to waste your time on this sort of degrading tosh.

Mr. Paul Anka, a "pop" singer, intones Schubert's *Ave Maria* in **Girls Town**—while doting nuns beam beatifically and delinquent girls sob to beat the band. This is only one of the horrors in a film which seems specifically designed to bring out the worst in any unstable teenager. I hated it.

CINEMA



by Elspeth Grant

The day of the cuckoos

THERE WAS SOMETHING RATHER discouraging about the titles of the week's films: come to that, there was nothing exactly encouraging about the films themselves—and the best of them was the creepiest.



WRECKER IN THE HOME: *The Zellabys* (Barbara Shelley & George Sanders) find that living with their extraordinary son David (Martin Stephens) is an increasing test of nerve, in *Village Of The Damned*

FOUR FRAGRANT WORLDS

EAUX PARFUMEES . . . Magnificent
EAUX DE SENTEUR . . . Unique
EAUX DE TOILETTE . . . Distinguished
EAUX DE COLOGNES . . . Perfection



LANCÔME

BOOKS



by Siriol Hugh-Jones

Such a lot of wicked tots

THE DAY MAY YET DAWN—MAY WE not be here to see it—when some nerveless psychologist-sociologist will uncover the awful truth about our lingering preoccupation, in the second half of the 20th century, with villainous little girls. The wicked tinies are getting steadily worse, their language riper, their minds more horribly sportive, their pre-11-plus activities more scandalous, their attitude to life more frankly disabused. By now they have reached a stage where Eloise, twinkling down the corridors of *de luxe* hotels, looks like a mere dimity Victorian child out of *The Fairchild Family*.

The current leader of the gang is Zazie, who sprang fully armed from the head of Raymond Queneau, and has been translated in spite of everything by Barbara Wright. Zazie is not a nymphet but a kidette of around 11, and is pure in deed at least, if hardly in word and thought. She arrives in Paris to stay with her uncle, who is a female impersonator in a night club, while her mother concentrates for a few days on a new lover. Zazie, who is inclined to use crisp expressions such as "bloody old clotface," has a keen ambition to ride on the Metro, which is on strike. Instead, she sees life a little and terrorizes the natives. Zazie has been the rage of Paris for a year now, and is currently and not at all unexpected the heroine of a film.

Queneau is a poet and a formidable man with trick-words and experimental linguistic extravagances; and in the French *Zazie* seemed light, wild, funny, bizarre, a stylist's *tour de force*, as mannered and artificial—with its tricks of phonetic spelling and puns and run-together sentences—as the scenario for a fantastic ballet. Though I

salute Miss Wright's formidable courage in Englishing the book—the French is hard enough to understand, let alone translate—the English version has somehow acquired a heaviness that seems drabber and more crude than the original (or maybe it is just my traditional Anglo-Saxon belief that you can say a great many impermissible things perfectly prettily in French).

And from time to time the joke simply withers away: blue-jeans in phonetic French is weird and funny, and carries a comment, however small, on borrowed American attitudes in a French accent. When it's turned into blewgenes, the point vanishes entirely.

Nevertheless, I have no doubt that Zazie, with her battle cry "Help! a sex-maniac!" will go cheerfully marching on. Since heroines can't get any younger, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if wild untrammelled grannies didn't turn out to be the thing of the future.

In Colin MacInnes, author of those two brilliant, touching and also extremely informative books *City of Spades* and *Absolute Beginners*, there seems to me to be a novelist at war with a didactic man-with-a-message, and in *Mr. Love & Mr. Justice* I think the novelist is losing ground. It's a moral novel in which a theory and much documentary evidence don't seem to me to have been fully absorbed. Frankie Love is a ponce, Edward Justice is a policeman: their lives cross, their roles are reversed, they effortlessly exchange professions—you can see the plot-twist coming up from the title itself. Mr. MacInnes is a fiery mission-man and a good thing too, but hitherto he has given us credit for being able to take the message a little obliquely and expressed in terms of living character. I remembered the fizz and sparkle of *Absolute Beginners*, and I missed it here.

Briefly . . . I am a mad fan of the works of Michael Innes, but I found his latest book, *The New Sonia Wayward*—a pretty trick-title—curiously heavy going, the familiar cool precise irony and ruthless mildness somehow turned a little dusty and pernickety. Colonel Pettieate, who lives on the rich profits of his wife's romantic novels, dumps her, already dead, into the ocean and busily sets about keeping the royalties rolling in. From then on there's a new surprise a minute, and though it hurts me to say so I never really cared. . . . *Angélique & the King*, by the redoubtable Sergeanne Golon, continues the story of the irrepressible green-eyed heroine to end them all. Panting, moaning, and occasionally biting an epaulette when feeling runs high ("Easy, my little vixen. You'll get what you want."), she soldiers

gamely on from bed to bed. Nothing daunts this wild waif at the court of the Sun King, with here a rape, there a cosy connubial roll on the rug (disgruntled bystanders will keep breaking in, but what's that to *Angélique*?), not to mention birth with father-participation. By now her second husband has had his head unfortunately blown off by a cannon ball, but I am hopeful that husband No. 1, the sexy magician of Toulouse we all thought roasted to a cinder, may be resurrected in yet another gripping instalment.

Minette, Lauzun, La Grande Mademoiselle and most of the royal mistresses pop in and out, and I was particularly taken with Louis XIV, who can sometimes toss away snappy remarks such as "*Let's stop quarrelling over the premises of the problem right now*," and at others get his royal tongue safely round such speedy historical references as "*Cruelly punished during the Albigensian Crusade (sic), later and for a long time subject to the English and almost wholly given over to heretical beliefs, it would support only with constraint the protectorship of the Crown of France*." My word, *Angélique* sees it through.

appetite for more of Duke's subtle, well-conceived music; the interest is underlined by the changes he has made in the band, bringing in two new trombonists. *C jam blues* and *Mellow tone* must have been the subjects of at least three different recordings, but he still has fresh thoughts about them.

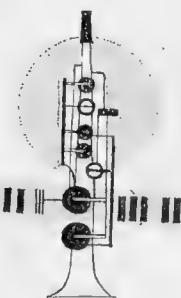
The Jazz Gallery is, strictly speaking, a new series of Philips EPs, featuring their top artists. Duke is featured in one (BBE12364) which revives pieces he recorded in the past two years, notably *All of me*, with its outstanding solo by Johnny Hodges. Historically one should start with Bessie Smith's (BBE12360), where she combines with the trumpet voice of Armstrong to invoke the melancholy aspect of her race in some of the purest jazz ever put on record. Another snatch from history is Red Nichols's *Darktown strutters*, uncouth though it may sound today. In 1927 people took to jazz for the sake of dancing, and the snappiest band usually drew the biggest crowd. The front line of Red on cornet, Miss Mole on trombone, and Jimmy Dorsey on clarinet is effective. It would be wrong to forget that these men paved some of the way to jazz as we hear it today.

A decade later Teddy Wilson led a group of stars to accompany Billie Holiday (BBE12359). To say that these are gems of their kind is an understatement; they are classics in the Holiday saga, personifying an outstanding group of musicians of the middle thirties. Buck Clayton is also well placed in the Gallery with excerpts from his recent LP, recorded in 1958 (BBE12352).

Sidney Bechet was a veteran who seemed happy to play with old or young alike. He shines superbly with Bob Wilbur (BBE12357), but is equally brilliant in the unusual quartet session he made in 1940 with Muggsy Spanier. These soprano saxophone and cornet duets, with only guitar and bass for accompaniment, represent in my eyes the summit of small group improvisation (TR5017/8).

Reverting to the Philips gallery, I would question the inclusion of the particular Lionel Hampton sides chosen, a 1954 edition of his famous *Chase*, in which alto and tenor pursue one another madly through some 12 minutes of hectic but uninspiring blowing. Neither would I give hanging space in my gallery to Dave Brubeck, whose insipid and stereotyped piano work vies with Paul Desmond's vinegar alto in another of the Gallery EPs (BBE12353), but this is an acquired taste for those who enjoy it. My own preference for piano music falls on Erroll Garner's spicy *Play piano play* (BBE12354). Its nine years of hard spinning on my turntable has yet to diminish its lustre.

RECORDS



by Gerald Lascelles

Curtain-raiser for the Duke

WHO WOULD YOU HANG FIRST IN your jazz gallery? I would put Duke Ellington in the pride of place for his ever-changing mood, his lack of repetition, and above all his inventive genius. *Blues in orbit* (BBL7381) has the special touch which is Duke's, interpreted by his present band, who have earned the tag of Award Winners. No actual Oscars are handed out in the competitive realm of true jazz, but various magazines promote polls, from which the winners receive accolades.

Here you will find a number of short pieces, calculated to whet your

GALLERIES



by Alan Roberts

A sculptor probes space

THE PRINCIPAL WORK IN REG Butler's new one-man show is another cast of the large *Figure in Space* about which I wrote at some length in reviewing the Battersea Park sculpture exhibition. It is seen to great advantage in the open air, where a slight breeze can render it mobile—so mobile, indeed, that it broke off at its single-point suspension base, and had to go back to the sculptor's studio in the

country for repair, to the disappointment of many who visited the exhibition especially to see it. But it reveals new facets at the Hanover where it is raised to eye-level on a plinth, where a bird's-eye view is available from the upstairs gallery, and where it can be seen in relation to several more of the sculptor's attempts to grapple with the "space problem."

Before the opening of the exhibition I talked for some time with Mr. Butler who, although highly articulate about his work, confesses that the things he says about it are not his own ideas but those of critics. He has (he avers) no theories of his own about his sculpture, but accepts, as explanations of his subconscious motivations, some of those put forward by other people.

When, however, a Sunday newspaper critic writes, "Obviously Butler's interest is in humankind involved in its unnatural spatial environment," it is necessary to point out that this, if it is true at all, is true only of a part of his work and that this part of his work, as he reminded me, was begun in pre-sputnik days. Any literary association with space-fiction is only coincidental. In fact his most recent essays in this field evolved from a post-prandial encounter with one of his own small clay figures as it lay on the circular top of his modelling stand.

A sudden flash of awareness of the tension existing between the figure and the wheel-like top was the seed for the *St. Catherine* and *Girl on a wheel* series of which there are several exciting examples at the Hanover.

From these, the step to the idea of figures being flung into space by the centrifugal force of a fast-spinning wheel, as in the *Figure in space (catapult)*, is perfectly logical even if the necessity of supporting the figures prevents it from being wholly successful.

Which reminds me that when I wrote recently that Butler was "striving after the impossibility of posing a static mass in space" I was, apparently, wrong. It would be possible, he explained, to have a sculptured figure hovering, without visible means of support, in a magnetic field. But it would be terribly expensive.

His figures in space have stolen most of the limelight but, as this exhibition shows, they are only one of Butler's current preoccupations. The slightly grotesque positions taken by a girl in the process of tying her hair or taking off her clothes are a source of endless fascination that finds expression in a plethora of small standing figures in bronze. These Rodinesque figures have a surprisingly sentimental quality about them that suddenly makes us aware how far the sculptor

has travelled on the humanist road during the eight or ten years since his severe iron abstractions first attracted attention.

I think I perceive (not without some satisfaction) a trend among many artists to turn away from abstraction and back to the humanist, romantic or realist traditions. It is too early yet to start analysing it, but I hope to have more to say about it next week in relation to the work of the Australian artist Sidney Nolan.

It is nearly 50 years, we are made to realize at the Leicester Galleries, since Jacob Epstein turned his back on abstraction for good after only a brief and marginal encounter with it in his Vorticist period. "I am interested in humanity and sculptural form," he said, "and not in the abstract."

That brief lapse is covered by a few drawings of the *Rock drill* series at the exhibition which has been largely arranged by Lady Epstein. The earliest of the bronzes is a sensitive head of a new-born babe made in 1907. The most impressive is, strangely enough, the imaginative, dynamic, larger-than-life bust of William Blake, the original cast of which is in St. Paul's. The largest is the *Christ* of 1919, for which the model was the composer Bernard van Dieren and which, when it was first exhibited, raised a storm of protest that now seems incredible.



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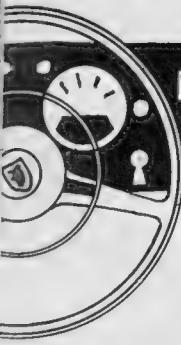
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

THE BACK-STAGE VIEW is just as important as the frontage on a pretty head of hair. That's how you're seen in the theatre, a car, at a party, often at a dance. So the reverse should be just as rewarding as the framework for a face. What's happening to the back of heads this year? Well, the most alluring of the season's turncoats are lined up above, sitting pretty in a saloon. Starting from the left is a case in studied elegance with a smooth swirl brushed to one side at the back. Hair expertise by Dumas whose summer settings for faces are based on this shape. Next comes a lengthy helmet-line with a shine like burnished copper and ends bending in and under. Hair plan by Xavier who is making heads elongated and narrow this summer. The third has a top smoothly boosted and held by a slide set centrally. One of Raymond's *Boom* line collection. Then a smooth garnish with a sophisticated flick at each side and a headlong wave into the neck. Hair ploy by Xavier.

The point about the back is that it hasn't a face to flatter and so must be pretty shapely to give a good send-off to neck and shoulders.

The designs above are all wigs which feel as safe as houses on and make all the difference if your own hair defies all professional help. They are tailored to fit your head exactly, need only spasmodic help from your hairdresser and could cost from about 50 gns. (after all, this totals perhaps a year's hairdressing bills, and a wig lasts for ever).

New look ahead in Knightsbridge for Harvey Nichols whose beauty salon has a cool, uncluttered look and an untemperamental climate to match (ceiling-wide air conditioning). Early risers score a 10 per cent discount for anything from a set to a perm before 10.30 in the morning. And it doesn't limit itself to hairdressing, there are massage, depilatory, manicure (Peggy Sage) and facial (Rose Laird) treatments as well.



MOTORING

by Gordon Wilkins

A jewelled miniature for the swift



The Fiat Abarth 850

IT LOOKS SO SMALL AND SO BEAUTIFUL THAT a woman might well wonder whether to drive it or hang it on a charm bracelet. To a man it looks fragile and delicate, until you insinuate yourself into the interior and experience its precocious performance. Understructure and road gear are by Abarth out of Fiat 600, as on previous models. The body is a new coupé by Allemano which gets its effect by clarity of line, with no applied decoration beyond a small simulated grille at the front carrying the name plate.

After the fabulous 750 bialbero (and there is now an 850 bialbero too) this 850 pushrod job comes as a quieter, more flexible machine more suitable for everyday use—but fast. Engine is derived from the 750 which in turn grew out of the Fiat 600, but now little of the original remains. It does not have the pulse-quickening rasp and snarl of the fabulous bialbero twin-cam competition engine. But then it is designed for a different purpose; to provide a fast, tractable road machine with a certain amount of competition potential.

It has more torque and is more flexible but there's enough of a sports-car note when accelerating on full throttle to indicate that some lusty horses are going to work. Yet when cruising fast on a light throttle the car is unexpectedly quiet, with little noise from engine or wind.

And speaking of the wind, one of the Abarth engineers told me an interesting story as we cruised fast down the autobahn. Before the 850 engine was ready, this new

Allemano coupé was tried out with a 750 pushrod engine taken from one of the streamlined Zagato competition coupés. Now the Allemano is styled for comfort and good all-round vision rather than flat-out speed. Furthermore, it weighs 110 lb. more than the alloy-panelled Zagato. But when they got the road-test results, the technicians began reaching for their slide rules with surprised expressions, for the engine gave the same top speed—93.5 m.p.h.—in both cars.

The 850 Allemano is less than four feet high, but inside it I had three inches of clear headroom. Incidentally, interest in Anglo-Saxon markets was apparent from the calibrations in m.p.h. on the speedometer and the thermometer reading in degrees Fahrenheit instead of centigrade. Trim and accessories are fashioned with the craftsman's care one expects of an Italian coachbuilder. Seats, with slim, space-saving cushions and backrests, are firm but comfortable. Pedals, including the long spatulate accelerator, are exactly right. Gear lever and handbrake are in the centre.

The speedometer was wildly optimistic, and the needle swung round to 100 m.p.h. with ridiculous ease, but even after a few checks with the stopwatch had put things in perspective, the performance is highly creditable. For the gearbox artists, first gear (changing at 6,500 r.p.m.) gives 30 m.p.h., second 51 m.p.h. and third 67 m.p.h. The acceleration is well maintained high up and 80 is reached in about 33 seconds. Handling is like other Fiat Abarths; quick responsive steering and a flat sports-car ride. The racing fringe can perform acrobatic feats with it on twisty roads, and it has an ever-growing record of competition successes.

It is significant and perhaps symbolic that in the two-page detailed technical specification I received from the works, the word *brakes* is not once mentioned. These cars have brakes just as they have lamps, windshield wipers and the other details which the law requires. The brake drums are in fact wider than the original Fiat 600 drums on the early Abarths, and drums of bigger diameter will probably be used in production. There is still some vibration when they are applied at high speed accompanied by slightly more perceptible retardation, but this car is *not* for you if you haven't learnt to use the gearbox going up and coming down. An experimental model is at present running with British disc brakes.

So there it is; a lovely lively little thing, not for the heavy-footed and ham-fisted, but to be savoured by the connoisseur who appreciates precision in a small package. It's the automotive equivalent of the miniature painting, the pocket radio or the ultra-slim wrist watch. And, naturally, it isn't cheap. Price at works in Italy: £930.



COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

SOME of the best English furniture of the eighteenth century was copied from the flowing lines of the French, curtailing some of the exuberance but often excelling it in craftsmanship of construction.

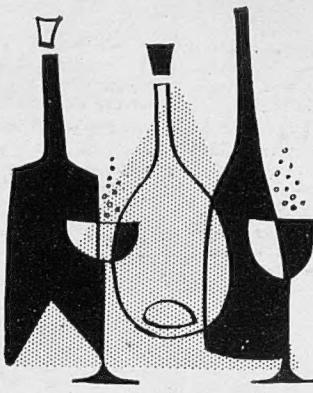
A beautiful example is shown above—one of a set of eight held by the Trustees of the Chichester Estates. It is a Hepplewhite, carved and gilt wood open arm chair, in the Louis XV style, made of beechwood, wholly gilt with English gold leaf. It has all the grace of a Louis XV chair—probably the most elegant design for a drawing-room chair ever conceived—but written in script on the inside of the seat rail is the most English of inscriptions—"John Riley, March 16, 1777."

About a quarter of a century earlier the rage had been all Chinese, a fashion of which Chippendale was the greatest—but not the only—exponent. The whimsicalities of "Chinese Chippendale" are all too well known. But a much rarer and more elegant variation is shown below. It is similar to a set of chairs at Lennoxlove, Midlothian, is known very often as a Cockpen chair, and is said to have been made originally for the Laird of Cockpen by one of Chippendale's workmen, who set up on his own in Edinburgh.

A word of warning to the would-be purchaser of Cockpen chairs; they have been much reproduced by the ingenious faker, so that now there are probably more reproductions on the market than originals.



PICTURES: RAYMOND FORTT



DINING IN

The re-heat problem

by HELEN BURKE

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT food poisoning in recent months, but several important points have not always been made. One might assume that all twice-cooked foods are dangerous, but what about the many delicious *réchauffé* dishes we can produce? Are they all suspect? They are if they have not been properly handled.

Left-over fish, meat and poultry should be cooled as quickly as

possible and their reheating should also be carried out as quickly as possible. These two important points have been established for some years.

There is another "must"—ideal storing conditions. In many homes, these are doubtful. Not all larders face north and, even in those which do, the temperature of most in warm weather will be above the safety point for food. I would not even trust the cool cellar. A refrigerator is the only cold storage which keeps the temperature well below that at which bacteria can develop.

A few words about refrigerators. A small one—the minimum size—is better than none at all, but for a family of four or over it will be inadequate. Almost from the moment it is installed it becomes a disappointment, and in proportion to its size it is the most expensive.

Here, for instance, are the capacities and prices of one well-known make: 2.7 cubic feet, £50 8s.; 4 cubic feet, £63 3s.; 7.7 cubic feet, £109; and 9.4 cubic feet, £125. It will be seen that a good-sized refrigerator, cubic foot for cubic foot, is less costly than the smaller ones and there is nothing more satisfying for a good cook and especially women who are single-handed, as so many are today. I am thinking particularly of the woman

business executive who prefers to do her own shopping but has little time for it, and plans to shop for perishables only twice or even once a week.

In a recent letter to *The Times* a woman reader, referring to a report on the danger of reheating meat, asked what was to become of the long-established favourite family dish, shepherd's pie? This urges me to draw attention to the special procedure required.

If the cold cooked meat from the week-end joint is minced on, say, Monday or Tuesday, placed in an oven dish with cold or just warm gravy poured over it and then topped with whipped potatoes and placed in the oven, there is every likelihood that any bacteria present will multiply before the heat reaches the centre of the dish. If, however, a fairly thin sauce is made, with, perhaps, a finely minced onion in it, the meat added to it and quickly brought to the boil, then simmered for a few minutes, turned into the oven dish, topped with the potatoes and at once browned in the oven or even under the grill, all the safety conditions will have been carried out, since everything was hot.

The same applies to stuffed aubergines, courgettes, marrows, tomatoes—anything, indeed, in which already cooked meats are used. Here is a safe procedure for

these items: Fry a chopped onion in a little butter or dripping. Add a pinch or two of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon tubed tomato *purée* (or the juice from the tomatoes, if they are being stuffed) and enough well-seasoned stock or gravy to moisten the filling nicely. Bring to the boil, add the minced meat and cook for 5 minutes. Turn this filling into the cold vegetables, top with crumbs and a dot of butter and at once place in a hot oven to brown.

Those who delight in preparing a whole dish hours in advance, and then baking it, risk producing a much less wholesome dish.

Protein is not the only culprit in this food-poisoning business. On one occasion, many children in a South Devon school were affected after eating a cold chocolate mould. It appeared that this had been made a day in advance and, because of shortage of refrigerator space, left overnight in the kitchen. I could go on citing different kinds of food poisoning, but instead I would refer anyone wanting authentic information to **Food Poisoning and Food Hygiene**, by Dr. Betty C. Hobbs (Edward Arnold & Co., 14s.).

But let us be sensible and not be too apprehensive about these things, and let us go on having chicken-stuffed pancakes, chicken croquettes and the like, following the safe health rule—quick cooling and reheating.



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